

Collier's

TEN CENTS

JUNE 8, 1946

© THE CARMEL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



ATOMIC TEST CASE

BY VICE-ADMIRAL

Francis Chase

they're *Sleek*

...and in tune with the times!
See how the point of the Citicision
is cunningly protected, by the barrel, yet
visible, no "blind" writing! Yours
for only \$8.75, or \$13.00 with
matching pencil. (Plus tax)



they're *Slim*



A "conventional design" pen can
be slim... look at this sleek-yet-busky, up-to-
the-minute-styled Waterman's Medalist!
Priced at \$8.75 for the pen, or \$12.50
the set... no tax. Others from \$3.50.

they're *Trim*

Trim, smooth, glossy, and daisy-fresh
is this new Waterman's Taperite with
its lustrous Gold Cap and flattering
tapered barrel. It's the Stateleigh,
and costs only \$13.50, or \$19.25
with matching pencil.
(Prices plus tax)



they're *Terrific!*

Have you any "graduates" in your family? They'll surely go for one of
these scintillating, luxurious new Waterman's pens! They catch the eye,
flatter the hand, and fairly skim over paper! Behind their beauty are the
skill, the care, the accuracy in their making that have made Waterman's
a favorite for more than 60 years. Points still ground by hand...

Ink Feeds still fashioned to microscopic accuracy... yes, precision is still
the standard of Waterman's, America's oldest pen maker. A Waterman's
is one of the most pleasure-giving, long-lasting presents you can
give. And service on every pen, from \$8.75, is guaranteed 100 years,
whenever it is returned to the factory with 35¢. See the new Waterman's
at your dealer's now... so sleek, so slim, so trim, they're beautiful!
L. E. Waterman Company, New York 13, N. Y.

UNION MADE



WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE!

Waterman's famous Blue-Black Ink
far out-writes other inks... yes, up to
6,500 extra words per filling. It's
all ink... nothing added, no harmful
solvents, no dilution. Also in seven
other colors, all in the handy
Tip-Fill bottle... all only 10¢.

Waterman's

Hear Gang Busters Saturday night, 9:00 E. T., 8:00 C. T., 7:00 M. T., 9:00 P. T.—ABC

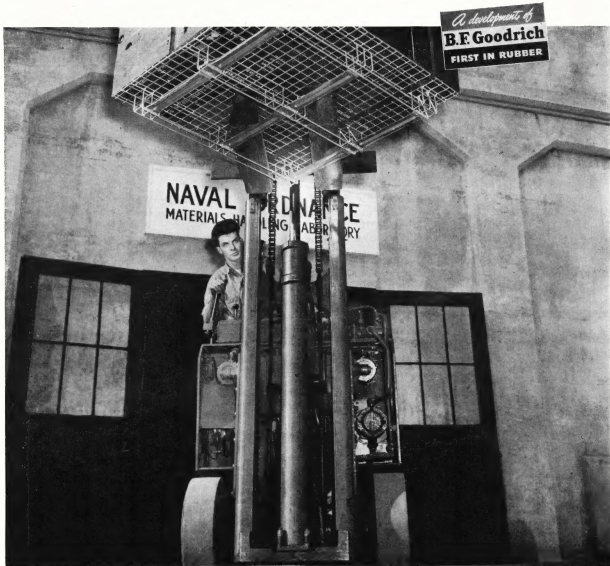


Photo courtesy of The Palmetto

The tires with built-in lightning rods

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in tires

IN POWDER plants, distilleries, chemical plants, and similar installations, one tiny spark may cause a terrific explosion.

Trucks and trailers used for interplant hauling generate static electricity as they roll over the floors and runways. How to keep this electricity from building up to the point where it might cause an explosion was a difficult problem.

Truck builders and users came to B.F. Goodrich for help. They found that B.F. Goodrich research men had already developed special rubber com-

pounds which made the rubber a conductor of electricity rather than an insulator. This material had been developed originally for use in airplane tires, meeting rigid Army and Navy specifications. (It has 20,000 times the ability of ordinary rubber to carry electricity.)

Used in industrial tires such as those shown above, this rubber allows the charge of static electricity that might build up to "bleed" from the truck to the floor. No sparks jump. Danger of explosions is reduced.

The development of this special compound for a specific purpose is typical of the B.F. Goodrich policy of continuing research. It has resulted in dozens of special tires for all sorts of uses ranging from coal

mines to cane fields. It has resulted in constant improvement of tires for trucks, cars, airplanes, farm and industrial equipment. When you buy from the B.F. Goodrich dealer, you are assured of tires backed by this policy of constant improvement. *The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

Truck Tires BY

B. F. Goodrich



"Sounds like opportunity to me!"

If you are looking for a career, your Bell Telephone Company may have exactly what you want—work that's interesting, important and pleasant.

Right now in many places Bell Companies need young women to help meet the demand for telephone service.

Wages and working conditions, good. Associates, friendly. Annual vacations with pay. Benefit payments. Attractive openings of many kinds.

Ask the nearest Bell Telephone employment office to tell you what opportunities there are in your community.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

MAYBE SOMEDAY
MY BRISTLES WILL BE
AS GOOD AS PROLON



Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

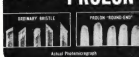
"Prolon" is our trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made
So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Prophy-lac-tic Tooth Brush? You know the answer ... it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"
Prophy-lac-tic's big plus is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! Under a special patented process, exclusive with Prophy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every bristle in the Prophy-lac-tic

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes ... Then science made round-end **PROLON**



Prolon Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to round-end bristles, the Prophy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": 1. The famous Prophy-lac-tic tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. 2. Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. 3. Guaranteed for 12 full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money!

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

Pro-phy-lac-tic
PROLON BRUSHES

50¢

PROFESSIONAL

Keep up with the world



Few artists in history have employed such a variety of unorthodox methods of applying paint as did Francisco Goya (1746-1828), famous Spanish painter. He often used the nearest object, which was sometimes a rag, a broom, a sponge or a spoon. An outstanding example was the preliminary sketch for his celebrated May the Second, depicting the massacre of Madrid civilians by Napoleon's troops which Goya witnessed that day in 1808. Inspired, he dipped his handkerchief in a pool of blood and with it painted a large outline of the picture on the wall of a building.

A recent government study of the survival rates of retail stores shows that of the 1,476,400 which existed in 1929 only 51 per cent were still in business in 1939. By kinds of stores, the rate of survival ranged from 85 per cent for combination grocery and meat markets to 15 per cent for heating and plumbing businesses.

Of the many species of fish that discharge electricity, including several kinds of rays and catfish, the most powerful is the so-called electric eel of South American rivers which may attain a length of eight feet. As its electric tissues occupy about 80 per cent of its body, this fish is capable of producing a number of successive 200-watt, 600-volt discharges which are of sufficient intensity to stun large animals and kill small ones.

A true specific drug for leprosy has never been discovered chiefly because the disease is one of the few that cannot be reproduced in animals for laboratory experiments and the germs of which cannot even be cultivated in artificial media.

A new method of preparing seeds, by coating them with mixtures that harden into pellets, is now undergoing experiments in the United States and several foreign countries. Besides enlarging the seeds so they may be planted evenly by mechanical means, the coatings contain ingredients that, for example, stimulate germination and growth, destroy insects, control disease and even counteract the effect of soil that has too much acid or moisture for a particular kind of seed.

Theatrical producers in New York customarily send a pair of tickets for the first-night performance of their shows to as many as 200 important newspapers and magazines edited in the city. By Anna Stevens, Larchmont, N. Y.

by Feeling Foster

Probably the only queen of modern times to have a sword of her own was Victoria of England. Forged for her in 1850, this sword, 27 inches in length and two pounds in weight, was used by the queen during the remaining 51 years of her reign in conferring knighthood.—By Ruth Fyne, New York City

A form of journalism, unknown outside of the United States, is the Washington news letter, the 35 published in the capital today being the survivors of approximately 700 started there since 1916. Interpreting trends and forecasting conditions and events, the majority specialize in one field, such as oil, food or aviation, and are issued daily or weekly. Written by some 200 experts, these letters have a combined circulation of around 200,000, range in subscription price from \$15 to \$175 a year, and do an annual gross of about \$4,000,000.

In modern candy and cigarette vending machines, the mechanism subjects each nickel and dime to eight separate tests in one and a half seconds. These tests determine whether the coin contains metals not used in genuine five- and ten-cent pieces, and whether it is of the proper diameter, thickness and weight, and has no holes. By Harry M. Fecker, Saddle River, N. J.

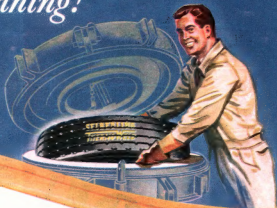
The closest thing to an earthly paradise is beautiful Lord Howe Island, 360 miles east of Australia, which is six square miles in area and has 150 inhabitants. The island has no policeman, court or jail; new residents are not allowed; and all land is owned in common, each family being allotted sufficient acreage to build a house and grow food. As little actual labor is necessary to live comfortably, many of the men work no more than two hours a week.

Only 22 states containing 63 per cent of our population have a law which guarantees equal civil rights and privileges to all of their citizens irrespective of race or creed.

You dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address: Keep It with the World, Collier's, 230 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of the items may be reproduced without written permission.

Collier's for June 8, 1946

This man's got something!



YOUR SEIBERLING MERCHANT has *several* mighty interesting things for you—and one of them is shown above.

It's the doubly-guaranteed *Seiberling ThermoWeld Recap* with the maker's signature cured right into the rubber—*visible* evidence of finest materials and factory-approved workmanship! Like the famous Seiberling Heat-Vent, the much copied Saw-Tooth Tread and many other contributions to motoring safety, ThermoWeld is a result of Seiberling pioneering in *practical* rubber research.

Because your Seiberling Independent Merchant *owns* his business, he *gives* you another priceless advantage that no amount of money can buy—a genuine interest in *you*. His welfare depends on *earning* YOUR good will.

Get to know him better—he'll increase the pleasure and decrease the cost of driving your car. Like so many other motorists, you'll discover that "*It has to be BETTER to be a Seiberling*" applies to merchants as well as to tires!

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio, U.S.A. • Toronto, Ont., Canada

[... If you need new tires, trust your Seiberling Independent Merchant to supply you just as soon as he possibly can in the face of an unprecedented public demand for Seiberling quality.]

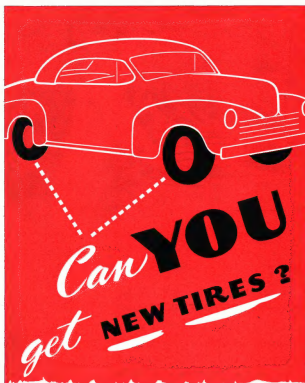
**SEIBERLING
TIRES**



SEIBERLING

A name you can trust in Rubber





ARE YOU SURE ?

● There is every reason to believe the tire shortage will continue for months. In the meantime, if you are like most drivers, your tires are old, very old and very thin . . . and you won't be able to get new tires if one of those old relics "blows."

HERE'S THE BEST WAY TO "KEEP ROLLING" . . .

Many additional miles can be added to old tires if they are repaired PROPERLY before they reach the blowout stage. Once they blow, in most cases, a safe, lasting repair is out of the question.

HAVE YOUR TIRES INSPECTED NOW

Look for the Bowes "Seal Fast" SAFE Tire Repair Sign. Where you see this sign displayed you will find factory-trained experts who will inspect your tires, inside and out, and who have the equipment, materials and KNOWLEDGE to make SAFE, lasting repairs before the tire reaches the blowout point. If you want to keep rolling, better look for a Bowes "Seal Fast" Dealer today.

HERE'S AN AUTO POLISH THAT REALLY DOES THE JOB!

Nobody likes to wear himself out polishing a car. That's why Bowes "Seal Fast" Auto Polish and Cleaner makes such a hit—it cuts down on the "elbow grease." This superior polish cleans as it brightens—with a minimum of effort. Preserve the lustre of your car with Bowes Auto Polish. Buy it where you see the Bowes "Seal Fast" SAFE Tire Repair Sign.



BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORPORATION, INDIANAPOLIS 7, INDIANA



Dear Editor:

Orchids to Collier's for the Awards for Distinguished Congressional Service. How much more constructive it is to bring to our attention the worthiness of our legislators than the usual fault-finding that makes the headlines. Most of us would be shocked if we realized how many votes are cast for public officials because their names on the ballot looked "familiar" to the voter, when in most cases their names were in print on account of their misdeeds.

GAE WOOD

Middletown, Conn.

Dear Editor:

Thank you for the reprint from the April 27th issue of Collier's entitled The Vets' Best Bet.

If available, I can and will be glad of the opportunity to place reprints in the hands of 150 of Erie's citizens whose influence will go a long way toward arousing the type of community interest which is needed.

RICHARD D. CLARK

Erie, Pa.

Dear Editor:

Our Army Is Undemocratic, by former Captain Westbrook, is a case for psychoanalysis. Specially privileged human beings always rationalize their special privileges. Our Army Is Undemocratic is an indictment of democracy! Ex-Captain Westbrook inadvertently presents the case for dictatorship!

PFC. E. R. FURBER

Ft. Jackson, S. C.

Dear Editor:

I congratulate you on being the first to publish an intelligent article on officer-enlisted-man relationships. I can't agree with all the phases of Mr. Westbrook's exposition, but it was at least fair and sincere, which is rarely the case with articles written on this rather misological subject.

I was for three years an enlisted man in the Air Corps, a ground-crew maintenance man.

N. PAUL BOSTED

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Editor:

Very little attention has been given to the possibilities of South America, specifically Brazil, as a refuge for the homeless.

Brazil has great tracts of unoccupied land and is inclined to welcome immigration, and has a minimum of racial and religious intolerance.

This letter is inspired by your article by Edward P. Morgan. Those poor Jews seem to want escape.

GEO. E. SCHILLING

Bay St. Louis, Miss.

Dear Editor:

I am one of "radio's tens of millions of listeners," mentioned in your editorial, FCC Riders Again, but instead of rising up on my hind feet, as recommended, and mailing a copy of it to the nearest congressman, I shall accuse Collier's of apostasy and condemn the bias of your editorial.

After all, the FCC is an agent of the American people, acting for them under certain statutes that clearly imply that the

private use of radio channels is not an inalienable right, but a license or franchise, subject to control and regulation in the public interest.

JOHN A. DRON

Ojai, Calif.

Dear Editor:

Mr. Crichton's article, Our Schools Are a Scandal, is both timely and convincing. The readers should be moved to reflective thinking and aroused to action. We as educators are interested in constructive action carried on by The Press, and I, for one, realize the power held by it. May we have more articles in the interest of America's number one problem: her schools.

E. S. HALL, Principal Rose School
Roseburg, Ore.

Dear Editor:

I want to compliment you on your editorial The Legion and the V.A. I have been a member of the Legion for twenty-eight years, and believe in the principles for which it was originally organized as set forth in its constitution. I do not think that the rank and file of the Legion agree very much with the subterfuges of National Commander Stelle regarding the Veterans Administration, the housing problem, or the employment problem of the discharged veteran.

J. A. BELL

New Castle, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I was very interested in your article, England Still Takes It, in Collier's for April 20th. I can't say I enjoyed reading it because it is hard to think of anyone doing without what they really need to keep well. I thought perhaps you could supply me with the name and address of a small family who would welcome a little box now and then to help stretch their rationes.

I couldn't send an extravagant box, to be sure, but I could send canned items, fruit, meat, vegetables, fruit juice, dried fruit and a few spices to dress up the meals.

Mrs. HENRY E. PETTE

Rockville Center, N. Y.

Mrs. Pette's letter has been forwarded to the author, Melville Evans-Dawson, in England.

Dear Editor:

The enclosed cartoon I think is disgusting. How any artist, who admires women a little, could so draw them is beyond me. I will acknowledge that some women make themselves almost hideous and certainly they are not modest. Why add to the ugly scene in print?

MRS. HARRY E. PETTE

Madison, Wis.



HOW Does it Do it?

You can see it's a whale of a *big* automobile. The front seat is sofa-size, and the back seat, if you like, can actually be made into a double bed at night.

And you can see by the way a Nash "600" streaks away in traffic that it's packed with power—

Now why is it that this new Nash can do what the other big cars can't?

Deliver 25 to 30 miles on a gallon of gasoline at moderate highway speeds—500 to 600 miles on a single tankful!

Why is it that this Nash takes far less effort to drive—holds the road better—is amazingly quieter—doesn't rattle or squeak?

Why is it that *Nash* gives you the

smoothest ride in the low-price field, with individual coil springing on all four wheels—and why, too, does only Nash offer the Weather-Eye Conditioned Air System?

It's because the Nash "600" is a *new kind of automobile*—result of seven years research and engineering accomplishment. Different, from road to roof. Built on the scientific principles behind today's record-breaking planes and streamliners. No separate frame and body, with parts bolted on—but *one great unitized structure, steel welded*

to steel—500 pounds lighter and stronger.

And all these amazing advancements are yours today—in this beautiful Nash "600" that sells in the low-price field!

Your dealer has it now, and a new Nash Ambassador that's just as thrillingly far ahead in the medium-price field. Drive a new Nash, and see the difference.

Tune in the Nash-Kelvinator Musical Hit—David Rose and his Orchestra with Curt Massey, Wednesdays 10:30 p.m., Eastern Daylight Time. CBS—Full Network.

NASH MOTORS—Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

YOU'LL BE AHEAD WITH *Nash*



Do you know this
new-and-better-way
to buy a car?



MILLIONS OF AMERICANS—you're probably one of them—are going to buy cars in the next year or two.

An increasingly large number of them are going to finance their purchases through the new Bank and Agent Auto Plan—in which your local bank and local insurance agent join forces to give you a much better method of financing than you ever enjoyed before. Among its advantages are:

Low cost. Under this new plan, you have the opportunity to save money.

Better insurance. You can get more complete insurance—insurance which protects you as well as the concern making the loan.

Better service. You will have better insurance service than ever before—service provided by a local agent who is on the spot, who is able to help you obtain prompt settlement of a claim, who is interested in protecting you and keeping you as a client.

Better trading position. You will be able to pay your auto dealer cash.

Establishment of credit. You will establish, under confidential circumstances, your credit at your local bank for future purposes.

• • •

There are common-sense reasons for the obvious advantages of this new way of buying a car.

Your local banks are in the business of lending money. They are in a position to know their customers personally and their customers are also in a position to know them. This relationship, together with the banks' low charges, results in cheaper financing for you.

Insurance is your local agent's business. He knows insurance from A to Z. What's more, he wants your business, wants to keep you as a

client. He's going to look at your auto insurance and other insurance needs from your viewpoint.

And in case of accident, he's right there on the ground, ready to give you the kind of expert help that you can get *only* through a local man who knows insurance and is interested in your personal protection.

So, when you get ready to buy that car—go to your local Travelers man or your local bank—first. Either will be glad to give you full details of the Bank and Agent Auto Plan.

MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BONDS

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

SERVICE THROUGH YOUR HOME TOWN INSURANCE AGENT



"I think we've been pushed around enough," Johnny said to June. He grabbed Cory's coat, jerked him off balance and slapped him twice, hard, with his open hand

JUNE THE GIANT KILLER

BY RICHARD STERN

She had expected a hero eleven feet tall and terrifying—so he wasn't (so what?) so she built him up to size

ROCKING comfortably in her favorite chair by the window, Mrs. Elwood Jonas Trout, of Pasadena and Encino Beach, looked out over the harbor, at the yachts, large and small, lying quietly at their moorings, at the solitary commercial fisherman headed back up to his anchorage. She wondered if it was mackerel he carried, or, perhaps, albacore. It really didn't signify. She stirred in her chair and looked again at the telegram and at June, sitting quietly at her desk, and, strategy being close to her heart, she went over her campaign carefully in her mind. "The beer," she said finally, "it's cold, I hope, June?" June nodded. "Yes, Mrs. Trout." "But not too cold?"

"No, Mrs. Trout." "Johnny has always liked his beer. I don't imagine that even the Navy has changed that," Mrs. Trout said. "I wonder how they kept beer cold aboard ship." Then she shrugged. "It really doesn't signify. Johnny will have managed somehow." "He usually manages, doesn't he, Mrs. Trout?" June was curious about this Johnny who was coming home; he was a legend in Encino Beach, a legend she had never met. "Johnny," said Mrs. Trout slowly, "is strong willed." She looked at June. "Always a good boy, of course. A trifle high-spirited, perhaps, but always a good boy." "Yes, Mrs. Trout," June said, recalling contrary testimony. Mr. Davis, the druggist, for example: "The only good thing this war did, far as I can see," Mr. Davis had said one day, "was that it got Johnny Trout out of town and let some of the dust settle. You know," he added, "I've been sorta sorry for the Japs ever since Johnny

Trout joined the Navy." He handed June her package. "Been sorta sorry for the Navy, too." Mrs. Trout resumed her rocking. "Johnny," she admitted, "had a few escapades when he was a boy. High spirits, that was all. But now he's older and I imagine that he has sobered up considerably." She considered her words. "Sobered down," she amended. She looked at June; June was smiling. "Sobered," said Mrs. Trout. "You know very well what I mean, June Wiley." "Yes, Mrs. Trout." She wondered if Johnny had changed. It would be better, of course, if he had; but it would be disappointing after all she had heard. June returned to her household accounts. She would know shortly; there was nothing to do now but wait. It was two o'clock when Encino Beach's solitary taxi drew up in front of the house. In the back seat June could see a uniform with two and a half stripes on the sleeve. That was all. She stirred in her chair and cleared her throat and watched the uniform get out of the cab.

"I see him, June," Mrs. Trout said. "You may just as well relax. He'll be here in a moment." She rocked placidly. June bent over her accounts and concentrated on them furiously. She heard the cab drive away and then footsteps on the porch and the sound of the door opening. "Hello, dowager," Johnny said. "Hello, Johnny," Mrs. Trout answered. "Come here and let me look at you." June heard a kiss. She looked up then and found Johnny regarding her with appraisal. "This is June," said Mrs. Trout. "June Wiley. I've written you about her." "How do you do?" Johnny said gravely. His mother's letters had been filled with little else. June realized that she was staring at him, and turned back to her accounts. He wasn't at all what she had been led to believe. He wasn't eleven feet tall and everything, the way she had built him in (Continued on page 79)



BY VICE ADMIRAL W.H.P. BLANDY, U.S.N.

COMMANDER JOINT TASK FORCE ONE

The man in charge of the most stupendous military experiment in history sets the stage for the atomic bomb tests due to start within a few weeks at Bikini Atoll

EARLY in July, the attention of the entire world will focus sharply on an obscure atoll in the Pacific Ocean. The United States Army and Navy will then put the atomic bomb to the first of three tests that will affect the life of every man, woman and child in this and succeeding generations.

In the first experiment, an atomic bomb of the type used against Nagasaki will be detonated several hundred feet in the air over a formation of ships. While scientists expect the results to be as drastic as at Nagasaki, no one knows exactly what will happen. That's what we intend to find out.

In the second test, an atomic bomb will be fired on or slightly under the surface of the water amid a ship formation. It is expected to produce waves a hundred feet high, winds reaching a thousand miles an hour, and heat measured in hundreds of millions of degrees. Again, we intend to learn how ships of all types, including warships, will be affected.

In the third test, an atomic bomb will be exploded deep in the ocean, a half-mile under the ships. Here, we are really exploring the unknown, and no one can be sure what the results will be. The object is to see what will happen to the hulls of submarines and other vessels in the test area, but among the things that have had to be considered here are whether this bomb might set up an endless chain reaction in the ocean, or radio-activate the water over large areas.

When the results of all these tests are tabulated we're going to know much more about designing our fighting ships of the future and what defensive measures will make them less vulnerable to atomic-bomb attacks. We will also know what the atomic bomb will do to planes in the air, to tanks, artillery and other military equipment, and be guided accordingly.

Planning this test has not been easy. We who have worked on it during the past few months often thought the name "Operation Crossroads" might well be changed to "Operation Headache." A peacetime project of such dimensions can approach the complexity of any recent campaign planned by Nimitz or Eisenhower or Halsey.

Need of Further Testing Questioned

From the beginning there were objections to the proposed tests. A group of nuclear-energy scientists who had worked on the atomic project declared it was unnecessary to stage such an elaborate experiment.

They maintained that the scientific results gathered from the New Mexico, Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings were conclusive enough to show what would happen to ships when an atom bomb was detonated just above or on the surface of the sea.

One prominent nuclear physicist, Dr. Lee A. DuBridge of the University of Rochester, stated in a recent news dispatch that the results of the test could be "estimated" from information in Army files on the damage done at Nagasaki and Hiroshima. There were protests in Congress when that body was asked to make the target ships legally available for the test. Some members considered this potential destruction of part of our fleet an extravagance, regardless of the results. Other critics insisted that the use of old ships would prove little and that we should use modern ships as targets.

There are logical answers to all these criticisms. Both the Army and Navy, as well as the many civilian scientists engaged in the Bikini test, decided that theory and paper work would no more substitute for an actual test of the bomb on naval targets than book learning and lectures can replace practice firing runs in training a gun crew. (Continued on page 39)

(Continued on page 39)

Artist's idea of Bikini lagoon as atomic bomb falls. Targets include carriers *Saratoga* and *Independence*; battleships *Pennsylvania*, *New York*, *Nevada*; *Arkansas*; *Nagato*; B-29 banking, top right, is bombing plane; and radio-controlled "drone" planes are at left.



THANKS FOR THE PARTY

BY PHILIP DUNNINGTON

The day was bright and so full of promise—until the shadow of a little boy came between Miss Parker and the sunlight

MISS PARKER stepped off the bus at the corner of Lexington Avenue and Seventy-ninth Street. The air was fresh and clean, and the afternoon sky was a deep and solid blue. It was a fine spring day, and Miss Parker felt good. She looked both ways to get her bearings, and started to walk—slowly, because she had ten minutes to spare and only three blocks to go.

There were trees on the side streets, set at regular intervals in the sidewalks, and a kind of indefinite green lingered in their branches. You didn't see the buds; you saw only the green—light and pale and thin. In another week there would be leaves.

The people were well dressed here, even the children, and Miss Parker wished her own clothes were a little newer, a little more expensive. This was the nice part of town, the rich part, the part with the town houses and the small apartments that cost more than they would anywhere else in the city.

The streets looked a little bit like streets in a smaller town, like two or three of the streets at home. Rows of trees were like home, or as nearly like home as you could find in New York. Of course, if you looked around, you saw big buildings in all directions; but you didn't need to look around.

Miss Parker found comfortable enough in the clothes she was wearing. Her coat was a little shabby, and there was a hole in the finger of her glove, but underneath, she wore a good black dress that she

had bought this year. With the five dollars she would earn this afternoon, she would be able to buy new gloves and save a little besides. And taking charge of a children's party ought to be easy; it might even be fun. And if Mrs. Reynolds was pleased with her, she would be sure to recommend Miss Parker to some of her friends, either as a sitter or as someone who could help with birthday parties. After all, every child had a birthday.

Miss Parker said, "Mrs. Reynolds' apartment." to the elevator man. She took off her gloves and pushed them into the pockets of her coat. Then she took them out of her pockets, folded them together, and put them in her bag. She looked at her watch. She was right on time. She was pleased with herself. Somehow, even in the elevator, she could tell it was a fine spring day.

Mrs. Reynolds, wearing a gold flannel dress, met her at the door.

"I'm Miss Parker."

"Oh, yes. Come in, won't you?"

"I hope I'm not late."

"Oh, heavens, no," Mrs. Reynolds said. "You're right on the dot. It'll be half an hour before the kids come—at least, I hope so. Throw your coat in the bedroom. On the bed—anywhere. I'll be with you in a second."

Miss Parker folded her coat neatly and laid it over the foot of one of the twin beds. She put her bag under her coat, tucking the corners to cover it completely. She found Mrs. Reynolds in

the kitchen, running hot water over the backs of ice trays and dropping the cubes into a big glass bowl.

"This isn't for the kids," Mrs. Reynolds said. "This is for the mamas and papas. There's bourbon and there's Scotch, and I hope to God they go light on the Scotch."

Miss Parker smiled uncertainly. "Can't I help?" she said.

"Not yet. Save yourself for the kids. I'll probably be murder."

"Oh, I don't think so," Miss Parker said brightly. "I think children are lots of fun."

"Do you? Maybe. Maybe not," Mrs. Reynolds said. She looked up at the clock on the kitchen wall, and called in a voice that could be heard all over the house:

"Mollie! Mollie, are you dressed?"

There was no answer that either of them could hear.

"Go back there and see what's holding her up, will you?" Mrs. Reynolds said. "She ought to be ready. Past the bedroom—on the right."

Miss Parker opened a door tentatively. A little girl, wonderfully pretty, with blond hair and large blue eyes, was sitting on the floor, putting on her socks.

"I'll just bet you're Mollie," Miss Parker said, and the little girl smiled.

"And I'm Miss Parker. And I'm going to help you with your party. And I wish you a very happy birthday."

Mollie smiled up at her. It was a real smile, and Miss Parker was suddenly

sure that the party would be a lovely time for everybody.

"I'm six years old," Mollie said. "I'm six years old today."

"Well, I think that's just fine. Did you get a lot of presents?"

"Oh, not yet. Not until the party," Mollie said. "I can't find my other barrette."

Miss Parker found the other barrette on top of the pink-and-blue bureau, and handed it to Mollie.

"Mommy better braid my hair."

"All right," Miss Parker said, "but you'll have to hurry with your shoes and socks. Your mommy's waiting."

"I will. I'm very fast—when I try."

"You try, then," Miss Parker said. "I'll see you in a little minute."

"I'm glad you're not old," Mollie said. "Last year we had an old one."

Miss Parker laughed. "You hurry, now," she said. "Socks and shoes, and then you're ready."

MISS PARKER closed the door behind her, and went back into the kitchen.

"When the mothers come, after the party," Mrs. Reynolds said, "show them into my room. I'll make drinks there. The kids will be here any minute. They all know one another from school, so you won't have to worry about that. There's a pin-the-tail game, and the presents are in the hall closet. I'll bring the cake and stuff about four. And there's a Mickey Mouse movie that's all ready to go; you'll have to pull the shades, but it's all ready. Keep the kids in the living room. I don't want them crawling over me."

"Oh, I'm sure we'll all have a wonderful time," Miss Parker said. "Mollie's a lovely little girl."

"I know. Is she anywhere near ready?"

"Almost."

"I'll finish her up. I think you'd better hang around the door. They'll be coming any minute. Try to keep their hats and coats together."

Miss Parker waited in the hall. The afternoon sun slanted in on deep-piled rugs and brightly colored pictures, and the whole apartment looked warm and friendly. Miss Parker could hear voices in Mollie's room, but she pretended she was alone and that this was her house—that she had lived here a long time and knew where everything was and owned everything she could see; and that the pretty little girl in the back bedroom was her little girl, for whom she was giving a birthday party.

She opened the door, pushed her hair into place and smiling, when the doorbell rang and the first children arrived.

Miss Parker was careful to keep hats and coats together, arranged neatly next to her own on the bed, in the order in which their owners had arrived. It was hard to learn the names of the children, but she did her best.

Mollie was very quiet and well mannered. Miss Parker found herself feeling proud of the way she said, "Thank you very much, Patsy," and "Thank you very much, Geoffrey," when she opened her presents. Mollie folded the gift paper carefully and wound the ribbons into neat little rolls, and handed them to Miss Parker to put away.

Miss Parker said, "I'm Miss Parker, and I'm helping Mollie with her party," to all the children when she helped them out of their wraps, but most of them didn't seem to care, and few of them told her their names in return. They all knew one another, and began to play games of their own, which all of them seemed

(Continued on page 37)



The Way it Ended

BY JEAN KINKEAD
ILLUSTRATED BY HOMER HILL AND IRE VERN



William from with
Joe and Mac

Sweet from
with the young

Mr. William Herbert Scott

with love

Queen of The Quickies

By Harry Henderson
and Sam Shaw

Ann Corio, formerly of burlesque, got a foothold in Hollywood by keeping her clothes on and making a movie a week. The work is tiring, but it pays well

THE telephone jangled backstage at the theater where Miss Ann Corio, famous in the burlesque world as Gypsy Rose Lee's biggest competition, was appearing in brown paint and a leincloth as Tondeliso in a revival of *White Cargo*. Her maid answered, and a moment later, reported to Miss Corio that "a Mister Briggs" insisted on speaking to her.

Miss Corio, who was sitting in a little tin tub doggedly scrubbing off the brown paint in which she had been slinking around all evening, wriggled into a towel and took the call. The dialogue went something like this:

Corio: Hello? Miss Corio? This is Mr. Briggs.

Corio: Yes, Mister Briggs.

Corio: I'm president of PRC and I'd like to know if you'd be interested in going into the movies.

Corio: (who thought she had heard them all in burlesque—aside to her maid) Get this kerrick! He's gonna put me in pitchers.

Corio: Well, I'd like to talk it over.

Corio: (who had never heard that PRC means Producers' Releasing Corporation, a small movie distributing outfit for independent producers) Uh-huh.

Corio: When could you see me?

Corio: (aside to her maid) Next he'll be asking me to come up 'n' see his canned goods.

Corio: Really, Mr. Briggs, I'm so busy I don't know when I'd have time. Thanks so much. Bye now.

And then she hung up, told her maid, "If that Briggs kerrick ever calls up again, I'm out. Imagine, putting me in pitchers."

But Mr. Briggs didn't give up, and two weeks later he showed up backstage. Miss Corio almost fainted because he looked like a banker, he was president of Producers' Releasing Corporation, which was a legitimate movie distributor, and he was making a very legitimate offer to put her into the movies. Miss Corio's shock came from the thought that she had almost driven him away.

His proposition was simple. A small independent producer named Max Alexander wanted to make a picture starring Miss Corio. Mr. Briggs, as the distributor, was ready to advance the money for the picture if Miss Corio would make it, her salary to be \$1,000 a week.

Miss Corio talked it over with her friends and agent. Then she disregarded their advice to wait for M-G-M, fired her agent and okayed the deal. She is a very ambitious and independent young lady and she had been virtually on her own since her poverty-stricken parents died in Hartford, Connecticut, when she was small. Miss Corio saw this as at

least a foothold in Hollywood. What she never realized was that almost overnight she'd be getting rich as "the queen of the quickies."

A "quickie," we should explain, is what Hollywood calls a movie which is slapped together with virtually no money and in no time. Basically, the idea is a little investment and a big return. Miss Corio, it turns out, represents just that. She has made six quickies, the total cost of which would probably not equal Lana Turner's salary for the year, and the returns amount to millions of dollars.

As for the quality of these flickers, they are genuine stumble-bums. This doesn't mean people don't like them. Most of the people who see them like them because they like to see Miss Corio, even in a full-dress sarong. And then there are always a few smart alecks who get a laughing jag on watching Miss Corio stumble in the jungle, register surprise, pain, love and pathos, and speak to a guy on her left who she thinks is on the right. This doesn't bother the producers who, Miss Corio says, "don't want 'em good. They want 'em Tuesday."

It doesn't bother Miss Corio either, though it did at first. But eventually she came to realize that a quickie is a quickie and the idea is to make money. Ever since, that's all she's been interested in. She now gets \$10,000 a week plus 25 percent of the picture's gross profits for not taking off her clothes because she has a reputation for taking them off. This may sound contradictory, but it's capitalism that works. So far she has made, she estimates, close to a half million dollars.

Miss Corio's first lesson in the economics of quickie production began shortly after seeing Mr. Briggs. She flew to the Coast at PRC's expense, arriving at 6 A.M., and was met by a man who hustled her through a cup of coffee.

"Quick," he said, "we gotta rehearse your song."

"But I don't sing," she protested.

"You do in this one," was the reply. They rehearsed the song two or three times, then the producer said, "You gotta rehearse your dance."

"But I don't dance," she protested.

"You do in this one," was the answer and before the picture had ended, she

She even played Charlie Chan in one picture. "Anything for art," says Ann Corio, "and a few bucks"

knew there wasn't anything she didn't do "in this one." Five hours after she had lunched, and without having seen a motion picture set before, she was shoved before a camera.

"All I remember," she says, "is that the make-up man wanted me to look exotic and the next thing I knew I was facing Jack La Rue before the cameras. Jack said, 'Look, honey, this profile is very bad for me, it's a mind-changing places?' And big dumb me, I changed."

"The first time I opened my mouth I blew the sound man off his seat. I never even knew the guy was there. He came down and explained I just hadda speak softly, which was new to me, because I was used to reaching the gallery boys. By this time I am in a whirl, dog-tired, and the director and producer, everybody is shouting directions at me, like 'Look sexy and throw your chest out.'"

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THIS CHARACTER, SAWYER

BY ALEX GABY

THIS Sawyer was a private first class. I met him the same day I joined the outfit. I had come in through Naples from that Repple Depot outside of Oran. He was in the Reinforcement Depot of the division I was assigned to. I noticed him right away.

A tall, skinny, ugly, redheaded G.I. with big hands. There weren't many guys at the depot at that time. I learned later that the division had run into a lot of trouble a few days before, and the guys had been used up. You know.

There wasn't much to do in the place for a few days, and I came in from Oran pretty well fitted for clothes and stuff. So, I was sitting in my tent, reading some old letters and wondering when my mail would catch up with me, when this redheaded Sawyer came in. He sat down on a cot belonging to a corporal who was out on some detail. The first thing he did was throw the man's duffel bag on the muddy floor and hook his legs over both sides of the cot.

"Got a cigarette, Mac?" But the way he said it, it wasn't a request. I gave him a cigarette.

"New guy, huh?" he said, in that loud, scratchy voice of his. "Well, you won't last long in this outfit."

I gave him a lot of thought while he smoked my cigarette. Finally I said, "What's wrong with the outfit?"

"They kill you faster here than in a slaughterhouse."

A nice piece of news. "Oh, I don't know," I said.

"Right, Mac, you don't know." Then he got wound up, and for real. It was Anzio. His division killed the guys like flies. What they did wrong. What he did. Anzio this and Anzio that. I was good and sick of Anzio and his part in it.

"That ain't no scratch, Mac." He showed me his right forearm. And it was a pretty good-sized scar. I gave it the same look, after all, the man was a combat veteran and even had a scar to prove it. Still, you can get hit even when you're hiding behind a rock.

He talked on. How dumb the doctors were at the hospital. How they let him lie there on a table while he almost bled to death. How they butchered him. How the nurses chimed with the brass while he went hungry. Funny, I thought, his scar didn't look that bad.

"So, what do they do, the tramps," he wound up, "but send me right back to the same old lousy outfit? Mac, you ain't got a chance with it. They get you, one way or the other."

He lifted one muddy combat shoe and dragged it across the blanket, leaving a long, muddy smear. "I tell you, they ought to take out the Old Man and all the officers in this outfit and shoot 'em."

BY THIS time I got started not liking this Sawyer in a big way. First, I began to suspect he was one of those goons—men who were trouble, wherever they went. Every platoon has them, one more or less. The boys who figure the angles, use the angles, and abuse the angles. Now, I was no eager boy, believe me. In fact, I was busted down from sergeant twice even before I was shipped overseas, for one thing or another, but I hadn't tried to get somebody else in trouble, or mess things up in general. Another reason I was getting not to like him was the fact that I was kind of proud to get this division. Everybody knew the record—a good division. Did its job, and took its objectives. Made the landings in North Africa, Sicily—Anzio, too. Did a fine job later, with the Seventh Army in France. "Lots of people think this division's pretty hot," I said.

"Sure, sure," he said, rubbing his nose with one of those big hands of his. "You been reading Stars and Stripes, Mac. What do they know about what goes on? Hah? Ask the doughfeet. That's who to ask. Those guys with their heads blown

off, because the officers of this lousy outfit know from nothin'." Ask—Oh, hello, Mac. Come in. Come in.

The corporal who belonged to the cot came into the tent. First he looked at the duffel bag sunk three inches in the mud of the floor, then he looked at the smear on the cot, and then he looked at Sawyer.

"What's the idea?" he asked, reasonably enough. He was a big boy, the corporal.

"Aw, sit down, Mac," Sawyer said. Then, pointing to me, "I'm givin' this new guy some good dope." But his eyes were taking in the build of the corporal.

The corporal was a set man himself and eager to learn—at we all were in those days—so he sat down. But he'd keep looking at his duffel bag, which he had picked up off the floor with a couple of pounds of that special Italian goo sticking to it.

Sawyer went on where he had left off before the interruption. The same song, one louder. The same wind, only stronger. The same gripe, with the dirtiest, foulest language I have ever heard in my life. And, with the four years that I

put into the Army, I used and heard plenty of it before and since. But not like Sawyer's. His swearing broke the record. He couldn't say a sentence without making it dirty.

Then, he started in on the C.O. of the division. Now the Old Man, from what we'd heard and what we could figure out, was a plenty good Joe. He didn't take any foolishness, but he was respected and what he did made sense and turned out okay. Which, in combat, is a damn good average.

"If that old so-and-so ever gets out of his C.P. long enough to come up on the line, I hope they drop an 88 down his throat. Man, I'd shove it to him myself, if—"

He stopped right there, because the corporal was leaning over him, a look on his face that would chill a brass doorknob.

"Get out of here, meathead," he said, very slow, "before I kick you in the face."

Sawyer stood up, but immediately. He was about three inches taller than the corporal, and for a minute I thought there'd be a scrap. But there wasn't. I should have known there wouldn't be.

The story of a gripping soldier who asked for what he got—and got just what he deserved

His face just went kind of soft and uglier at the same time, and his eyes wouldn't stay still. He looked down at the ground and took his time. He even spit once. But he left.

"Hope I don't end up with a yellow monkey like that redhead," the corporal muttered. "He'd be one sweet boy to have with you on the line..." Then he started cleaning up his dirty blanket, with the mud all over it.

WELL, it was me that finally got stuck with Sawyer. When I got my orders in a couple of days, I found we were both assigned to the 315th Infantry, Company B—a rifle company. And, when we got up to the company, which had the C.P. in a broken-down farmhouse near a big hill, the captain assigned us both to the first platoon, which was then occupying the crest of this hill.

"Lots of luck to you men," he told us. "Keep your noses clean and do what you're told. Lieutenant Grange—oops, I mean Lieutenant Garonkin—is as good an officer as the first platoon ever had."

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He talked on. How dumb the doctors were. How the nurses chimed with the brass while he went hungry. "Mac," he said, "you ain't got a chance. They get you one way or the other."





CALIFORNIA'S ELEPHANT BOY BY GEORGE CREEL

This year Earl Warren is fighting for re-election to the governorship. If he wins, he'll be a major contender for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1948

CALIFORNIA'S gubernatorial election is easily the star political offering of the year. A Presidential candidacy is at stake, and it will also be the first open test of voting strength between the two great warring bodies of organized labor. The A.F. of L., abandoning its traditional policy of nonpartisanship, has endorsed the Republican nominee as a challenge to the C.I.O.-PAC support of the Democratic ticket.

It is generally conceded that if Governor Earl Warren wins in November, no other aspirant for the Presidency will loom larger when Republicans gather in 1948 to plan a fifth drive for return to power and glory. Not only has California become a pivotal state—a major battleground—but in the important matter of population it bites at the heels of New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois.

Governor Warren, to be sure, denies any such ambition, modestly averring that he has no thought of the White House, and no higher hope than to serve out a second four-year term as executive head of "the fastest-growing and greatest state in the Union." Moreover, a commonwealth so blessed by nature that any removal, even to Washington, takes on the dark colors of exile.

His friends, however, are less reticent.

Pointing out that their hero is established as a national figure, they refer regularly and proudly to the Chicago convention in 1944. Was the Pride of the West not implored to accept the Vice-Presidential nomination, Republican leaders begging him on bended knees? And what about the "delirious enthusiasm" of the delegates as Earl laid down the tenets of Republican faith in his keynote speech?

The pretensions of other Presidential possibilities are dismissed with a flick of the finger. Even if the voters of New York should return Governor Dewey, the sad experience of the Democratic Party with William J. Bryan proves the futility of giving any loser a second chance. Ohio's Bricker is airily branded as a "Neanderthal man, ages removed from present-day problems and the trends of modern thought. Harold Stas-

sen receives larger consideration, but at the same time there is significant reference to the case of the late Wendell Willkie as evidence that a private citizen cannot keep himself in the public eye for any length of time.

While admitting that the governor's re-election is a necessary first step on the road to Washington, the Warrenists insist that it is in the bag. Where and when was there ever more of a "natural"? A poor boy who worked his way through college by hustling baggage and sweating in the harvest fields; a gallant soldier in the first World War; a long and distinguished record of public service marked by courage, sane liberalism and administrative genius; only fifty-four, built on the majestic lines of California's own sequoias, and his "magnetic personality" attested by many successful campaigns.

A fairly accurate picture, although somewhat overdrawn in spots. The *Harold Alger* implication, in particular, fails to stand up under investigation. The son-of-moderately-well-to-do parents, young Earl's toughest struggle was learning to play the clarinet, and hardships would seem to have been suffered by the neighbors. After getting his degree from the University of California in 1914, he signed up with a prominent law firm, and stayed there until put into uniform. His military service, through no fault of his own, was spent in the United States, and on his discharge he quit the competitions of private life for an office-holding career. Appointive positions in the beginning—first clerk for a legislative committee and then various deputyships in Oakland—but since 1925 all elective.

One Touch That Is Lacking

Physically, at least, the governor lives up to his billing. A big man, standing well above six feet and weighing 215 pounds, every pore exudes a sense of fitness, and there is a booming heartiness both in his laughter and his handshakes. And yet, despite this superb equipment, there is no trace of the personal magnetism claimed by his admirers. The effect that he gives is one of solidness and dependability, rather than color and excitement, and while people like him, there is in it none of the passion stirred by Bryan or Theodore Roosevelt, but rather the friendly liking for a neighbor.

No audience has ever been brought to its feet by a Warren speech, but on the other hand, no audience has ever walked out on him. He talks instead of orating, and specializes in the homely and the forthright. The father of six children—three boys and three girls—he never fails to stress the values of home, family and motherhood even at the expense of major issues. Nevertheless, there can be no dispute as to Earl Warren's vote-getting ability.

Running for district attorney in Alameda County, he buried his opponents under staggering majorities in three successive elections and won a notable victory when nominated for attorney general in 1933. At the time California was a welter of political cults with Good Old Doctor Townsend and the Ham and

Eggers only two of the hundreds that peddled pink pills for the cure of every social ailment.

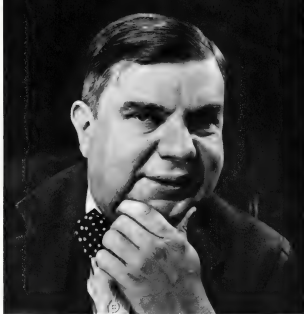
The Democratic ticket, headed by Culbert Olson, a carry-over from Upton Sinclair's End Poverty in California movement, rode with the tide. Sheridan Downey, having defeated William G. McAdoo in the primary, shook the Sierras with his screams in behalf of "senior citizens" and as the campaign warmed up, Thirty Dollars Every Thursday was succeeded by Forty Dollars Every Friday. Of the Republicans who tried to stem the hysteria, only Earl Warren came out alive, winning by a handsome majority.

Nominated for governor in 1942, it was again the case that he looked to be no more than a burnt offering, for the Democratic registration totaled 2,300,000 against 1,370,000 Republicans. Now California is not an easy state in which to campaign, for from the Oregon border to the Mexican line is a stretch of over 1,000 miles—as long as from New York to Iowa—yet Earl Warren covered every inch. Not even hamlets were overlooked, and only the bedridden escaped his food handclasp. As a result, he carried every county in the state, winning by a majority of 342,000.

It is only fair to point out that 1942 found California rejoicing in full employment, due to the war, and with everyone at work at high wages, all of the "gimme" class lost their followings. With "senior citizens" earning good money, they had no time for Doctor Townsend, and Thirty Dollars Every Thursday was chicken feed compared to weekly pay checks in aircraft factories and shipyards. Even so, Earl Warren's simple, homely style had a lot to do with the election's result.

Coming to Earl Warren's office-holding record, a study of his various administrations shows conscientiousness and competence even while emphasizing his colorlessness. As district attorney of Alameda County, he conducted a clean-up campaign in Oakland that wiped out rackets, racketeers and grafters, many in high places, but did it so ploddingly and matter-of-factly that it seemed no more than part of a rather dull routine. Tom Dewey, doing much the same job, became a national figure.

Warren's inability to dramatize himself



Robert W. Kenny is the most probable Democratic nominee for the governorship. A shrewd politician, he has a genius for estimating popular trends

stood proved again when he prosecuted the three heads of a maritime union for the brutal murder of a marine engineer. Organized labor made it another Tom Mooney case, alleging a frame-up by employers, and throughout the three months of the trial, from one to four thousand pickets patrolled the courthouse, damning Warren as a labor hater and shouting threats against his life. A great chance for a melodramatic pose, but the district attorney merely plugged away on the collection of evidence and earned a verdict of guilty.

His one burst of fire came when Culbert Olson, elected governor, followed a pardon to Mooney by freeing the three imprisoned unionists. In doing so he did not attempt to declare their innocence, but contented himself with the statement that they had been "punished enough." Warren, advised by political associates to keep his mouth shut, indignantly refused, and turned loose a mighty blast. "The murderers are free today," he said, "not because they are rehabilitated criminals, but because they are politically powerful Communistic radicals."

During his term as attorney general, the scandal of the state was the brazen operation of gambling ships off Los Angeles, but outside the three-mile limit. When city and county authorities did nothing, professing their helplessness, Warren deputized some three hundred husky guys, loaded them into a fleet of small boats and set out to sea. Storming the decks of the floating Monte Carlo, the little army smashed away with axes, and threw the wreckage overboard. All highly dramatic, but Warren, as usual, managed to give it the appearance of routine.

Turning to the Warren record as governor, even the opposition makes certain grudging admissions. His administration has been untouched by scandal; cordial working relations with the legislature, the results of his appeal for co-operation on a nonpartisan basis, have prevented the deadlocks that made former administrations so barren; taxes have been reduced in the amount of \$225,000,000, and the majority of his appointments have been based on merit rather than politics. Only recently he defended the practice by this statement of position: "I am not interested in machine politics. I have not tried to build a political machine. No

man should be permitted to be both a governor and a political boss.

So far from being the "tool of reaction," as charged during the campaign, Governor Warren has lifted plank after plank right out of the Democratic platform despite anguished outcry from that party and also his own. One of his first acts was to up old-age pensions to \$30 a month, the highest of any state in the Union, and raise payments to the blind to \$60 a month. Going still further, he pushed through a bill broadening the Unemployment Insurance Act so that provided cash payments to wage earners when ill or injured through nonindustrial causes. Rhode Island is the only other state with a "sick pay" law.

Favors More Benefits for Workers

In addition, he has made unsuccessful fights in behalf of larger unemployment insurance benefits and for longer periods, backed a "full employment" bill, and given ardor and support to a Prepaid Medical Insurance measure. This proposal would require employers and employees each to contribute 14 per cent from pay rolls for creation of a Health Service Fund from which the fees of doctors, hospitals and laboratories would be paid for services rendered to workers, their wives and all children under eighteen.

Whether casual, or out of honest preoccupation with state affairs, Governor Warren has been silent with respect to international and national issues. Various stray utterances indicate that he supports the U.N. as the best means of promoting world peace, but as yet he has not gone beyond blanket endorsement.

On domestic issues, about his nearest approach to a positive stand is a consistent advocacy of the "American system," and an equally specific repudiation of foreign ideologies. In his opinion, we should and must hold fast to "the age-old dynamic of intelligent self-interest released through the system we call private enterprise." At the same time he admits that it is the function of government to ride herd on private enterprise to guard against abuses.

None of this, however, worries the Warrenians, for they prefer to have the governor judged by his California

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A devoted family man, Earl Warren (below) stresses home life, even at the expense of major issues. On opposite page he is shown with his children, Bobby, Nina, Dorothy, Virginia, Earl, Jr., and Mrs. Warren. Another son is overseas



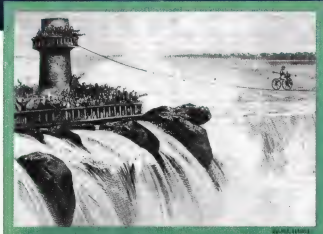


KLEW



THE WORLD'S GREATEST SPLASH

BY WILLIAM ABBOTT



In the old days, all sorts of daredevils performed for the amazement of visitors at the falls, and so many were killed that a halt to all stunts had to be called. Here Frol Jenkins rides a "velocipede"—according to contemporary accounts—over a slack wire. Lack of such high jinks hasn't cut the falls' attraction

There's nothing at Niagara Falls except 23,000,000 tons of water falling every hour over a 170-foot cliff. But more people go there each year than to any other tourist spot in the whole world

THAT big travel boom is getting launched with something less, it seems, than national unity. Trifles like where to sleep, ballooning prices and the tire shortage are smudging slightly the bright 1946 tourism picture. But they won't stop the hordes of travelers; what they probably will do is change the destinations. Which makes it a good bet that people won't be going to Kamchatka, or Cairo, or Inner Mongolia. They'll go to Niagara Falls.

They'll go there by the hundreds of thousands. They'll be going, moreover, smack in the face of a conviction, practically universal in our upper travel circles, that Niagara is not a place to go to; it's old hat, an abandoned honeymoon spot, a sort of romantic hang-over from the nineties. In short, as an up-to-date travel factor, it's out.

But the crowds we're speaking of don't seem to know that, or they just don't care. For old Niagara, with relatively no ballyhoo and despite knocks that range from the low laugh to the explosive Bronx cheer, is doing okay—it is, as a matter of fact, the biggest tourist attraction in the world. It is drawing more than 2,000,000 customers a year, a total that makes all its up-and-coming rivals look like amateurs. Regardless of how many people show up this season at Niagara, they will not fail to outnumber those going to Yellowstone National Park by three to one; four times as many

folks will see the Big Waterfall as will visit the Yosemite; Niagara's list of callers will be double that of the great Shenandoah Valley or the Big Smokies; and it will top by as many as six times that of the Grand Canyon.

Well, what's the answer? With a country jammed with attractions, most of them assailing the public's eyes and ears with neon, siren calls and loud-speakers, why do the folks go to Niagara? Not just to look at some old-fashioned cascades, surely. The noted Mr. H. G. Wells, who has certainly been around plenty, settles that point very definitely.

"The falls," he says, "are mediocre. There are a dozen as good or better."

So that would seem to be that, although if we leave the falls out of it, the thing that makes Niagara such a magnet isn't readily apparent. The place is unpretentious, without swank landscaping or architectural tricks. No casinos, either, or roller coasters, dance pavilions, name bands. Flanking the "mediocre" cataracts—there are two of them—are just nice unexciting parks where mobs of people walk around. Gout Island, separating the two falls, is also a place of grass, trees, walks and benches.

Furthermore, to arrive at this bucolic scene, visitors have to traipse through the noisy and busy main street of one of the nation's bigger manufacturing towns. They must pass stores, movies, eating places, bus terminals and shoe-shining parlors and, just as they seem to be coming to a sort of dead end, there—across a small park—is the American falls; beyond, with the tall column of mist rising, is the Horseshoe, or Canadian, cataract.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., is probably the world's only Class-A sight-seeing rendezvous without a single tourist trap. Its hotels are designed neither to impress the patron nor make a pauper of him. One of the largest, recently wrecked by fire, opened for business soon after the War of 1812 and had Lafayette as a guest. The railway station was put up in Cleveland's first administration. The falls' history is set forth in a museum full of photographs, shells, beadwork, mummies and 3,000 stuffed animals, some of which were there soon after the collec-

tion was started in 1830. In the intervening 116 years, a combination of amateur taxidermy, moths and weather have turned these creatures into candidates for a surrealist Noah's Ark.

So our holidaymakers stream through the town and stare at Mr. Wells' "fourth-rate cataracts." Perhaps part of the answer to what gets them there is the fact that Niagara a few years back had some of the wildest press-agency and rough-and-ready entertainment in the business.

The ballyhoo was invented by no one person nor was it subtly conceived to "influence opinion." It was an amateur creation, depending entirely for its jolt on the kick that people in general got from the falls, the rapids and the other local phenomena. They thought it all was wonderful and they said so loudly, persistently, and in so many keys that before anyone realized what was going on, the word-of-mouth propaganda was blanketing a couple of hemispheres.

A Resort of Varied Attractions

To hear them tell it, Niagara Falls was a society center, a health resort, an exclusive club for Big Business and a meeting place for all the arts and sciences. It was a center too of wonders and mysteries. Eminent preachers contributed the opinion that "a trip to Niagara is one of the holiest pilgrimages of life." Most of all, it was touted as a spot where there was plenty of fun—wild, wicked and dangerous. Visitors came expecting low-down as well as high-up diversion.

Where our orderly crowds now stand gazing at the American falls was a solid roaring arc of amusements. A visitor progressed toward the cataracts through trained bears, fortunetellers, fire circuses, jugglers, and souvenir and medicine pitches. The site of the present park on the Canadian side was decorated with stores, coffeehouses, Chinese pagodas, zoos, tea gardens, and a "collection of Egyptian mummies, the largest in America, with a Wild-Animal Annex situated close by."

(Continued on page 91)



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The Songstress and the Man Across the Court

The Way It Ended

Continued from page 17



1 You know how welcome a songstress is in an apartment house! Well, when I finally found a place to house the vocal cords, I did as told the landlord about my operatic aspirations! And everything was fine at first, with no complaints from the neighbors.



2 Then one night late—when I couldn't sleep—I forgot the neighbors. And I stood back and forth in front of my bedroom window trailing "Mi-mi-mi-mi!" Suddenly a howl went up from across the court. I stopped in mid-trill, and peered out.



3 There, in the window opposite mine, was an irate male. "Stop that screeching!" he roared. "I want to get to sleep!" "It's not screeching," I screamed back. "And I'd like to go to sleep, too—but I had coffee for dinner, and it always affects me!"



4 "I'll say it does!" he bellowed. "You should drink Sanka Coffee. It's 97% caffeine-free, and it's the coffee in coffee that keeps you awake." "I've heard of Sanka," I shouted, "but never thought it would taste good." "Nonsense!" he thundered . . .



5 "It tastes *small*! Sanka is fine coffee. Grand flavor, grand aroma. I know—I drink it myself! Now, let's have quiet!" "The nerve!" I hissed. But next evening I found myself drinking Sanka Coffee! And it was delicious. I had 5 cups.



6 That night I trilled *aaaaa!* Next day, I knocked on my neighbor's door to thank him for the Sanka Coffee tip. When he saw me, he spluttered, "Oh-m-gosh!" "I'm so neartighted," I'd learned I was insulting the most beautiful girl in the world!"



Sanka Coffee

Real coffee—all coffee—
—makes it as strong as
you like, it's 97% caffeine-free! A Product
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You can drink it and sleep!

ICED SANKAI DELICIOUSLY COOLING! You may prepare Iced Sanka by any coffee-making method you prefer. Just be sure to use 1½ well-rounded tablespoons of Sanka Coffee to each cup (½ pint) of water. Pour over ice cubes, and serve with cream and sugar.

full moon tonight." They went out on the little pier in back of the club and stood looking out at the water, her hand in his hand.

She said, "Why, there's no moon at all—" "Do you care?" He leaped down and kissed her.

That was the beginning, and they were together every waking second from then on. In the daytime, they sailed and swam, dug for clams and lay side by side in the sun. And at night they'd take a blanket and some beer down to the beach. They'd sit and talk, softly and aimlessly, until suddenly Blair would say, "Lord, you're lovely," and she'd put up her face and wouldn't talk any more.

They stayed aloof from the rest of us, and strangely enough we were glad. There was something alien about Blair. He was a little too smooth. I don't know how to describe it. He just didn't belong. But, gee, I never knew a guy with so much charm.

There was one night that they stayed at the beach very late, and Josh went after them. It was a hot moonlight night, and he could see them from far off, Susan sitting crosslegged with Blair's head in her lap, and when he got closer he could hear them singing old key: "We'll build a bungalow, big enough for two." And Josh thought: So help me I'll kick his teeth in if he's let her get tight. They didn't hear him coming, but when his shadow fell on them, they looked up.

"Hi, Josh," Susan said in a small, frightened voice, and she looked so mused up, so kind of blurred, it made him sick.

"You kids know it's late!" he said. "What's it to you, Pappy?" Blair said, and he settled back in Susan's lap and began singing again: "A man without a woman is like a ship without a sail . . ."

"It's after three. Susan's mother will be scared stiff."

Blair straightened up again, a look of his blond hair falling over his forehead.

"Look, Josh," he said in a funny, quiet voice, "how about getting the hell out of our hair?" Susan didn't say anything, but Josh could see her hand on Blair's sleeve, small and square, the nails still short and

neat the way they were when she was twelve; and he couldn't leave it at that. He was somehow responsible for her.

He said, "Let's go on up to the shack, and I'll make some coffee."

"Okay, Josh," Susan said, and she sounded very tired. He gave her his hand and pulled her up.

"Coming, Blair?"

Blair got to his feet unsteadily and pushed himself between them. "Damn it, get out, Harper," he said in that same low voice. And then he swung hard at Josh and missed. Susan cried out softly and Blair swore under his breath and plowed through the sand toward the car. They called after him, but he didn't turn around.

JOSH and Susan walked down the beach, past the scrub pines and broken-down boardwalk to the shack. They didn't say much while Josh made the coffee, but sitting across the crude homemade table from each other, Josh told her what he'd been wanting to tell her for days.

"Sane," he said, "you know I like Blair a hell of a lot, but—well, he's no angel, sugar." Susan lifted her eyes from her cup and smiled her slow, naive-sophisticated smile.

"That depends on your definition," she told him. "For my dough, he's heaven in a bow tie."

This was going to be harder than Josh thought. He looked at her soft, little-girl face, and he put one of his hands on one of hers. "Watch him in the clinches, baby," he said, and he tried to say it lightly, but he felt like Scrooge. "Look," he said then, still watching her face and not quite understanding what he saw there. "Maybe you're a big girl now, maybe I ought to mind my own damn business."

She looked at him and beyond him. "Maybe you ought," she whispered, and she took her hand away.

He took her home after that, and on his way back to his house, he heard the ambulance, and somehow he knew it was for Blair. He caught up with it and followed it over the beach road until it stopped, and



"He's rehearsing his objection to the wedding ceremony tomorrow!"

ILLUSTRATION BY

FRANK OBER

"IT RIDES LIKE A CLOUD!"

"IT'S KEEN!"

"SEATS LIKE THAT IN THE
BIG NEW FORD!"

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WITH THE 100 H.P. V-8 ENGINE!"

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GO FUR ON A
LEETLE!"

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say "YES" like this →



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there was Blair's convertible smashed against the high stone bulwark. It was pretty messy. Blair was badly cut up, but it wasn't only that. Slumped in one corner, her arm over her face in a vain effort to protect herself, was a town girl. Very dead. The publicity was tremendous. In a sleepy little town, an accident like that is front-page news for a month, and every angle of it was played up. Blair's family came up the next day and drove him down to a New York hospital, and the legal end of the accident was settled out of court, but it was a long time before people stopped talking about it. Susan hardly ever mentioned it all, but she was never quite the same afterward. Oh, she put up a good front. She still dished out the wisecracks and mowed them down at the yacht club dances, but her face had a strange, sad look when she thought no one was looking. Josh took her out a couple of times, and their talk was careful and bright, and they skirted Blair's name as if it were a land mine. Then the last Saturday night before Labor Day, Josh took her to the Ferrises' farewell barbecue. On the way home, they drove over the beach road, and when they came to the place, Susan said, "This is where it was, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Josh.
"Josh," she whispered. "I wonder why." She didn't have to say any more. They had been filling in the gaps in each other's conversations for years.
"He was tight, and he was mad. That's the whole story. That's Blair."

Susan said quietly. "And I'm still crazy about him. I miss him so much—I can't tell you. Since it happened, there's never been a word."

"It's better this way," Josh told her. "Honestly, baby, you're not the same kind of people."
"I am his kind of people," Susan said with a soft, disturbing intensity. "Josh, you hardly know me any more."

IT WAS fall again, and Josh went back to school, and Susan was a freshman at Smith. He thought about her quite a lot, and occasionally Blair would mention her. "She was a real nice lummie," he'd say. "Too bad she was jilted." Never anything tender or particularly wistful. That's why it came as such a bombshell to hear that they were going together again. Josh didn't hear it from Blair, but from some of the guys. They saw them around the bars in the Village. The obscure places like Gig's and A's. She always looked wonderful, but Blair was usually tight. One Saturday night, Bill Getts saw them checking into a hotel on Forty-sixth Street.

"Maybe they weren't checking in," Josh said. "Maybe they were visiting someone." "I was just a little behind them," Getts told him flatly. "They'd signed the register Mr. and Mrs. Blair Hastings."

"Damn Hastings," Josh said after a while. And Bill said, "That's quite a torch you're carrying." Josh opened his mouth to deny it, and then he closed it again. Sure, he thought. That's what it is. That's why it hurts so much. And he said, "I've got a bottle of good Scotch in my bag. How about a drink?"

Christmas holidays came soon after that, and as usual Josh's family spent them in the country, and, as usual, so did Susan's. There were the regular gaggle parties, the round of holiday dances, and Josh would go to them, his heart pounding with a queer, small-boy excitement. And when he'd see that Susan wasn't there, the excitement would drain from him as from an open artery. She was visiting her roommate in New York, her mother told him, when at last he phoned, but they expected her back on Christmas Eve. That was the day of the Ferrises' party, and around six-thirty he walked into the big living room, warm and bright with the traditional Yule log, and someone handed him a hot buttered rum, and then he saw her, standing near the piano singing God King Wenceslaus with a dozen other people. She was wearing a soft blue wool dress with a square neckline, and her hair shone palely like moonlight. That kid is beautiful, he

thought. Really beautiful. And he thought, I wonder how long I've been in love with her. Then he came up behind her and touched her arm. She turned slowly, still singing, and then she saw who it was.

"Josh Harper," she said slowly. And now that he was with her, the tension that had been mounting in him all week, the excitement that had been coiling itself tighter and tighter in his stomach was gone. It was all familiar and easy just the way it had always been.

"Hi, sugar," he said, and then he looked over her shoulder at the songbook and began to sing.

It was eleven o'clock by the time they'd sung all the songs and eaten the fabulous buffet dinner. Going out into the night with Susan's arm in his, Josh felt happier than he'd ever felt in his life. He wanted to tell her that he loved her. He wanted to stand still in front of the Ferrises' fat and gaudy outdoor Christmas tree and kiss her. The first kiss, he thought. After five years, the first kiss. But it still wasn't time, somehow.

They walked along the quiet street, and after a while the church bells began chiming. Josh said, "If we could round up a few snowflakes we'd have all the props."

"Ah, Josh," Susan said in her low voice. "Don't be smooth on Christmas Eve. I'm all dewy-eyed and sentimental."

"So am I," Josh told her. "I feel wonderful."

"Midnight Mass?" she asked him, lifting her face.

They were under a street lamp, and there was an odd sadness about her. A sort of deep-lying excitement.

"Sure," he said, and somehow he wanted to say to her, "Everything okay with your life, Susie?" But the moment was gone, and they walked up the wet church steps together. The little church was jammed with people they'd known all their lives, and it smelled of wax and evergreen boughs. The service was beautiful and meaningful, and when the choir sang the Adeste, everyone joined in. Afterward, when they were walking home, Josh said, "This was like every Christmas Eve I've ever known, and there's never been anything like it." It's like an ache, it's so good.

"Josh Harper, you're in love!" Susan said it teasingly, but he was smiling lightly on his elbow, and he turned toward her.

"Yes," he said quietly, and there in the darkness he found her soft, sweet mouth and kissed her.

They stood still a minute, and at last Susan said, "Josh Harper," in a voice that was at once tender and confused and very sure.

"I love you so much," he said in a new, rough voice.

THEY were walking toward the shack then, not purposefully, just sort of drifting there, and now and then Susan would kick a piece of wood or a shell with her sandal, and he'd notice it. The shack was cold and musty, and Josh lit the kerosene lamp and began shoving kindling into the stove. It was blazing after a while, making jerky orange patterns on the ceiling. Susan moved around, picking up cigarette butts, making the magazines march in a row down the splintery table, and Josh watched her and said, "You're cute." He put his hands on her shoulders and started to kiss her again, but very gently she put her hand on his mouth.

"Don't do that," she said. And then with very little drama, she told him why, and it rocked him all the way down to his shoes. She was married to Blair. Nobody at all knew about it. She wasn't planning to tell her family until she was eighteen, because she knew that they'd hate it annulled. He looked at her sitting there in the firelight, a half-smiling, loving her mouth, and he knew he should say something, but he couldn't get his hands on the words.

"We're terribly happy," Susan said, and looking at her he almost believed it. And yet... there was a feverishness mixed in with the happiness. A kind of synthetic



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quality, as if it were drug- or drink-induced.

I must be nuts, he thought, and then he said, "Blair," almost to himself.

"Yes," Susan whispered. "Pec's bad boy. He drinks too much. He's too fast with his friends. They tell me he's no good. But I happen to love him." And still Josh didn't say anything, but he was suddenly proud of her.

"Hey, that's fine," he heard himself saying at last. "Really, Susan."

"Thanks, Josh," she said. They sat there a minute, not talking or looking at each other, and then Susan said, "We have a love nest on Eighth Street. Will you come and see us some week end?"

"Sure," Josh said. "I'd like to." And he knew he was lying. As far as he and Susan were concerned, it was the end of the line. "There's some rum in the cupboard. Let's have a nightcap, shall we?" Susan nodded and Josh poured two drinks, then added some water. "To you two," he said, and Susan said, "To you," and they drank.

When he left her that night, it was with the feeling that he'd never see her again; but of course he did. Once at a football game, a couple of times at the Nats. Here and there he'd catch a glimpse of that blond head, and he was always with Blair, and she always had that strange, ecstatic look about her.

BUT the two of them seldom joined the different clubs, had different friends. All he knew about Blair now were the not very pretty rumors that followed him around. He'd had one of the local gals in his room one night. He'd walked into class drunk Monday morning. He'd nearly killed a guy in a fight in a Greenwich Village bar. Blair, the violent, the spectacular, the undisciplined, Josh would think, and Susan, the brave and gentle. Once in a while he was tempted to call her, just to hear the warm, smiling voice, to know she was okay. But he never did.

It was a funny summer, that next one. Susan was visiting friends most of the time, according to her unassuming family, and a lot of the old gang weren't around. Bill Tenney had joined the R.C.A.F., Doug Hoover had a job in New York. The rest of the kids all seemed to have paired off. Carol and Jake, Jane and McDonough. And it hit Josh with a heart-stopping impact that things would never be as they used to be, that the easy, sun-drenched summers would never come again.

He thought of Susan a lot, but on the few week ends that she was up, he deliberately avoided her. And then one night, toward the end of the summer, she called him. The

phone rang very late at night and he found his way downstairs, his heart racing, and he was thinking what an eternally a phone ring had in the dark. "Hello," he said quietly, and the voice on the other end wasn't warm or smiling, but it was unmistakably Susan's.

"Josh," she said, "I need you. I need you terribly. How soon can you come?"

"Easy, sugar," he said, and he made his voice steady. "Where are you?" She gave him the name of a hotel in the Village. He looked at his watch. "I can make it in two hours," he told her. "By around four o'clock." He'd never done it in less than three, but he'd never been in such a hurry before.

"Susan," he said, "are you all right?"

"Yes," she said. "I'm all right." Her voice was tight and afraid, and he wanted to question her more, but the connection was very bad, and he decided to wait. He dressed in three minutes, dashed off a note to his parents and got into his car. It was a clear, warm night, and there was no traffic on the twisting country roads. He was in New Haven in twenty minutes, and when he got on the Parkway, he pushed the car up to seventy and never let it down. He got off the highway at Twenty-third Street, and finally he was in front of the hotel. Susan was sitting in the deserted lobby, looking the way she always looked, cool and soft. In one searching glance he saw the familiar sun-blanched streak in her hair, the slim brown legs crossed as she always crossed them— at the ankle, the short blunt hands folded in her lap. And she was suddenly so unbearably dear to him that he wanted to pick her up in his arms and hold her and hold her.

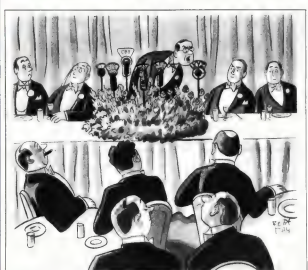
"Josh," she said, smiling at him.

He said, "Hi, Susan," and then they went into a little sitting room off the lobby, and Josh handed her a cigarette and took one for himself. Before he could get out his matches, Susan was holding one for him, her hands trembling, and there was something terribly touching about the way she was trying to control them.

"Josh, baby," he said, "What's new?"

She blew the smoke out in a long, thin stream, and then she said, "It's Blair." She looked directly into Josh's eyes, and said, "Let me tell you the whole story before you say anything. If you drop over me right in the middle of it, I'll be sunk. Promise?" Josh held up three fingers in the old "scout's honor" pledge, and then Susan began to talk.

She had been at her mother's for the week end, and last evening she had become lonely for Blair. He was living at their



"And that goes for you, too!"

ROBERT RAY

"Books won't tell you these things, honey"



1 "It could happen that our house, with all its nice furnishings, might burn down. So we carry enough fire insurance to take care of any loss that might happen, even if fire destroyed everything we own."



2 "If a visitor should break a leg falling down our front steps, that \$10 policy I just bought would pay up to \$10,000 for damage suits, and also would pay doctors' bills and such."



3 "Suppose your silver tea set or the diamond pin mother gave you were stolen. Our burglary insurance will not only cover such losses, but the rest of our belongings, too."

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33

NUMBERED POINTS

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RENEW-POINT FOUNTAIN PEN

apartment, working half days at his dad's law office, and Susan had told her mother she was going down to Vera's, her roommate. Instead, she'd gone straight to Eighth Street. It was about eleven o'clock when she got there, and she'd dashed up the two flights and let herself in with her own key. The apartment was dark, so she'd flicked on a light. She paused now in the telling and pressed her palms together.

"They were asleep on the couch, Blair and this girl," she said then in a flat, emotionless voice. "I haven't even idea who she was." Josh wanted to say something, but he remembered his promise. "They woke up and saw me, and I was so—so stunned, I didn't say anything. And somehow, the girl was gone, and Blair and I sat there looking at each other." She turned and looked out of the window, remembering, and then she told him that Blair had begun to insist.

"You with your dreams," he'd said. "Me carrying you over the threshold. Like a couple of jerks in a B movie." He'd said, "I told you I was no burglar!" and Susan had said, "I never believed it before."

"And then, Josh," Susan went on, "Blair broke down. He put his head down in my lap, and I could tell he was almost crying. Twenty-four hours ago he'd have been lost, but in a matter of minutes I'd grown up. And I knew he was just drunk." She had gotten up and put her key on the mantelpiece, and when she'd started to leave, Blair had come after her. He had turned her around and kissed her roughly, insistently, and she had felt no emotion at all. But looking into his eyes for just a second, she'd had a glimpse of such decadence, such evil, she'd been afraid.

She leaned forward in her chair now and looked at Josh. "I left my purse there," she said. "I was too terrified to go after it. Josh, there's something dark about him. Something I can't put my finger on. I keep feeling that he's following me." And she looked up at the door as though half expecting to see him there. "I loved him too, Josh," she went on. "It was like a madness, a fever. No matter what he'd do, he only had to look at me a certain way or whisper my name, and I'd forgive him. He'd put a spell on me, and I thought it was beautiful. My nerve dropped, and she said, 'And now I know it wasn't beautiful at all.'"

YOU poor little kid, Josh was thinking and he put out his hand to her. There was a siren in the distance, and Susan looked at her watch. "What a heck of a time for a fire," she said.

"Yeah," he murmured, and there seemed no way to begin saying all the things he had to say. "Let's go to sleep and have some breakfast, and then I'll take you home." They drifted into the early August morning, and the siren was shrill and persistent in their ears. It came closer and closer until it was upon them—a big light-colored ambulance from St. Vincent's—and they watched it, hypnotized, until it drew up to a building in their block.

"Come on, Josh," Susan said, and they hurried, hurried toward they didn't quite know what. "That's our building," she said. There were policemen controlling the entrance, and no one was allowed to go in. "What's happened?" she asked one of the officers.

"Don't know, miss," he told her. After a while, a crowd gathered, and rumors were rife.

"There's been a murder," someone said. And somebody else said, "No, it's just some dame having a baby." And then there was a stir. The police pushed the crowd back, and the hospital attendants appeared carrying a stretcher, and there was a figure on it, covered with a sheet. The crowd picked up the name from somewhere—Blair Hastings. He'd shot himself through the head. The rest of the night was very quiet, and so was the next morning, with the papers carrying the whole sordid story. . . .

Afterward, Josh could only remember fragments of it: Susan, white-faced and composed, listening to the doctor say, "He died instantly." Susan at the police station

being fingerprinted, interrogated. Susan, so tired she could hardly stand, talking to Blair's mother and father. There was almost no chance to talk to her, but once Josh emerged from the hospital for the first time he squeezed her fingers hard with his and whispered, "I'm here." And both times, she had contrived a smile for him.

It was several days and nights, with a lot of dirty angles, and when at last it was closed, Susan went up to the country with her family. The townspeople were kind, and every one in Jarkov, Josh came to know and privacy. All of them, having known and loved Susan for so long, hoped that she'd come out of the whole mess unscathed and that she would find that a good boy would come along for her.

THAT was the winter he got into the war, and he left in Jarkov, Josh came to know and Harmouth, strange and new-looking in his uniform, to say goodbye to Susan. She put on slacks and a heavy jacket, and they walked and walked. Over to church, down to the shack, way out to Pete's, and they both knew it was a little ceremony, a sentimental pilgrimage, and neither of them said anything sentimental at all. Even so, it was time to go, Josh took her hand and said, "By now, sugar," as if it were only goodbye for a day or two. As if it were Saturday night, and he'd be seeing her Sunday.

And she said, "Take it easy, Josh. Write to me." And after he'd gone, she came over to his house, and we each had two beers and she said, "Josh has a girl. I asked him, and he said, 'Yes.'"

I said, "Do you mind?"

And she said, "I seem to. Quite a lot." Then she got two wonderful letters from him, the first paragraph of which she let me read. It said: "Darling: You asked me if I had a girl. I said I had, but I'm not quite sure. All my life it's been you. Even with an all-day sucker in your mouth. You wish your Katharine Hepburn voice—remember that phase? You in a turquoise bathing suit, with your hair, beautiful hair. There seems to be no beginning to my loving you, and I promise you that there isn't any end. I couldn't talk about it the other night, but now I'll say it away from you. When I come back, will you be my girl?"

And that was almost the end of the story, because that spring our family moved out West, and I sort of lost touch with Harmouth. Of course, I used to wonder about them a lot, and I was sure they'd gotten married eventually. But the other day I happened into a new town, downtown, and completely unexpectedly, I got the low-down. There were pictures of the Army-Navy game. Pictures of a New York murder. Then some candid shots of servicemen's reunions with their wives. There was an overdressed brunette charging a sharp dark sergeant who managed to look root in G.I. clothes, a very young, very pretty child clinging to a Navy lieutenant. And then there was this familiar-looking girl, white-blond hair, and an unforgettable walk, clutching a small brown bag by the hand. There was a close-up of her face, anxious, waiting, heartbreakingly lovely, and then it changed. It was as if someone was playing a spotlight on it, and it showed her running, running, and my mind said, "Oh, Susan," over and over again. I was so excited for her I could hardly stand it. Then it showed her guy, tall and dark with a duffel bag in his hand and a Christmas-morning look in his eyes, and, of course, it was Josh. He didn't show the clinch, but it didn't need it. It was the most perfect love scene I've ever seen. I got up and went out, and I was two blocks from the theater before I realized that I'd missed the ravellage and cartoon and everything.

Somehow I found myself in a phone booth and I telephoned Bill. "Yes, angel?" he said in his sweet, very-low voice. "I just love you so," I said and then I hung up. I blew my nose and came out of the booth and had a Coke, and all the way home I was thinking: Gee, I really am an awful sucker for a happy ending.

THE END

Collier's for June 8, 1946

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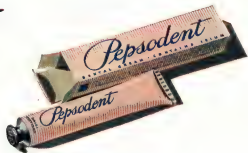
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to know. Miss Parker admired the ease with which they played together, and began to feel that she was one of them. She played draw-a-circle-on-the-old-man's-back and took the part of the witch in Hansel and Gretel. There was a good deal of noise, but not too much. After all, children wouldn't be children if they didn't like to make a little noise.

Geoffrey made more noise than anyone else, and Miss Parker began to watch him with apprehension. He was the biggest boy there—all thin and nervous and excited—and he played roughly with any of the others. He was the leader, and the other children played the game he wanted to play. He was rough with the girls, and Miss Parker spoke sharply to him when he put his foot behind Mollie and pushed her down on the floor.

"That isn't a nice way to play," she said, helping Mollie up. "That's not nice at all."

Geoffrey stuck out his tongue at her and turned away.

Miss Parker hung the cloth with the picture of the tullest donkey on the wall, and clapped her hands until the children quieted down.

"There's a donkey on the wall," she said. "Who can tell me what's missing?"

"No tail!" "The tail!" "It doesn't have any tail!"

"Anybody knows that," Geoffrey said. "Now, we're going to blindfold one person at a time, and give him a tail with a pin through it, and turn him around three times. And the one who comes closest wins a prize."

"I'll be first," Geoffrey said. "No, Geoffrey," Miss Parker said. "The girls first."

"Girls?" he said. "That's a dumb old game. Let's play bull-in-the-ring, and I'll be bull."

The children shouted for Geoffrey's suggestion, and Miss Parker found herself standing alone with a handful of tails and pins. "We'll play bull-in-the-ring after we play pin-the-ring," she said desperately, but bull-in-the-ring had already started, with Geoffrey roaring defiantly as the bull.

WHILE the children were having ice cream and cake, Miss Parker sat down next to Geoffrey.

"I wish you'd help me," she said to him quietly.

"Why should I?" he answered, so that all the children could hear, and could laugh. "You don't have to, but I'd appreciate it if you would," she said, keeping her voice low and natural.

He stuck out his tongue at her and laughed. "When are the movies?" he shouted. "Movies! Movies! Movies!"

The children abandoned the ice cream and cake and joined in the clamor. Miss Parker gave up and pulled the shades and started the Mickey Mouse movie. In the room, she watched Geoffrey sitting restlessly on the floor. "I've seen this before," he said loudly, "and it's no good."

"Is it, too?" Mollie said timidly.

"No, it isn't. If you've seen it before, it's no good," Geoffrey said.

He got up suddenly and pulled Patsy's hair. She cried, and the noise rose until all the children were shouting at once, and Miss Parker had to turn on the lights and stop the movie. Mrs. Reynolds came in to tell her for God's sake to keep them quiet, tell them a story or something—Miss Parker said she was sorry and that she'd try her best.

She looked at Geoffrey, and clenched her fists. He was laying for her, she knew, but she wasn't going to let him get away with it. She watched him moving through the restless group, and once she saw him at a little girl's skirt and laugh noisily. She tried once to stare him down, but he stared right back and made a mocking gesture of sneering, and she was angry with herself for having tried to frighten him. He won the little battles she had with him, and his prestige rose with each victory, and he knew Miss Parker felt helpless and defeated.

Some of the girls wanted to hear Peter

Thanks for the Party

Continued from page 14

and the Wolf, and Miss Parker was grateful for the chance to encourage them. If the children would be satisfied for half an hour, the party would be over. She got them quiet, and put the first record of the album on the turntable.

"My dear children, young and old . . ." the record began.

"Who wants to hear that?" Geoffrey shouted. "I hear that all the time at home."

"We do," Miss Parker said firmly. "You do! That's all. Just you. Nobody else wants to hear it. Just you. Just Miss Hozy-fozy. What's your name?"

"Tim Miss Parker," she said furiously. "What's your first name? Everybody has a first name. What's your first name? What's your first name?" Geoffrey cried, his excitement rising.

The other children took up the cry. "What's your first name?" and Miss Parker put up her hands to quiet them.

"My first name is Agnes," she said. Immediately Geoffrey whooped and laughed derisively, and high, shrill laughter ran through the group.

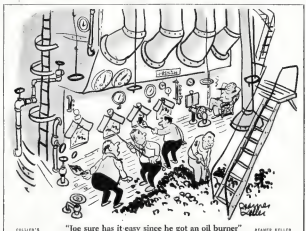
"Agnes Bagnes Salamagines," Geoffrey shouted, and the others took up the chant, screaming Miss Parker's name stupidly and incessantly in her ears. The record was still

shook him furiously. He kicked her in the shin, his thin body writhing wildly from her grip. With all her strength, she slapped him in the face, once. For one startled moment he looked straight into her eyes. Then he knelt down on the floor, and all the light went out of him. He began to cry softly.

The children crowded, howling, into the room, and Mrs. Reynolds was right behind them. She pulled Miss Parker away and shouted at her angrily, in a harsh, throaty voice: "I won't have that! I'm damned if I'll have that! Get up, get out, you kids. You get up!"

Mrs. Reynolds herded the children out of the room, and Miss Parker was left alone. The jangle of young voices came to her from a great distance as she sat alone on the bed in the empty room. The children's clothes were still piled neatly, but her own coat was nearly on the floor. Her empty handbag lay open near the window. She sat on the edge of the bed, staring blankly at the floor. Her forehead felt hot, and she pressed her hands over her eyes. She could hear the chant "Agnes Bagnes Salamagines" from the living room, and covered her ears until the sound seemed unreal and far away.

From time to time, children and their mothers came into the room to gather up



playing, and Miss Parker started toward the phonograph to turn it off. Geoffrey saw what she was doing, and reached the phonograph before she did. The bedlam rose. He turned the volume control up as high as it would go, until the room was filled with a wild uproar. "And now, dear children, here is OUR STORY," Miss Parker grabbed for the record, but Geoffrey had already seized the arm and was scraping the needle back and forth over the record. The horrible screaming made the girls scream louder.

MISS PARKER suddenly abandoned all control and lunged for Geoffrey. She caught him by the arm, but he fought free of her and ran into the bedroom, yelling at the top of his piercing voice. He was hysterical now, and he ran from fear and fury. The children opened a path before him in the crowded room, and the noise was deafening.

Miss Parker caught Geoffrey in the bedroom. He stood by the open window, screaming. His face was flushed, and he held her hand in his hands. It was empty now, and the last papers fluttered on the window sill. One glove lay on the radiator, and she snatched for it, but he grabbed it away from her and flung it out of the window. She caught him by the shoulders and

their hats and coats. Miss Parker didn't look up, or offer to help them. The din of jumbled voices changed now, and there were fewer people in the apartment; it was possible to distinguish individual sentences and fragments of conversation.

"Say Thank you for the nice party, Mollie!" And the sweet, manly answer: "Thank you, Patsy. I'm glad you could come."

And Mrs. Reynolds' voice, tired and strained: "I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Collins. I can't understand it at all. Geoffrey's such a nice boy. I do hope you'll forgive me. I shouldn't have taken someone I didn't know, and I'm terribly sorry Geoffrey was the one to suffer."

And Geoffrey's voice, loud and jarring again, directed at Miss Parker in the bedroom: "Agnes Bagnes Salamagines"; and his mother's strain, "That's enough, Geoffrey."

Mrs. Reynolds didn't wait for all the children to leave. She came into the bedroom and stood before Miss Parker.

"I don't ask you to play and help clean up," she said. "I agreed to five dollars, so here's five dollars."

She held out a bill. Miss Parker looked up at her, trying to say "I'm terribly sorry," but she said "I'm sorry as I can be. I don't know who it happened. I never meant—"

"Of course not," Mrs. Reynolds said. "It was just an unfortunate arrangement all around."

Miss Parker picked up her bag and put on her coat. There was nothing more to say. Mollie was playing with a ball with the children who were still waiting to be called for. Her blood hair was rumpled and loose on her little shoulders, but she was pretty and sweet and young. Miss Parker wanted to get away quickly, and she wished there were no children but Mollie to see her go. She wanted somehow to touch Mollie to make her forget every thing that had happened—but there was no chance. She stood awkwardly at the door, trying hard not to let the children see she was ready to cry. "Goodbye, Mollie. And I hope you have a happy birthday."

"Oh, I did. I did." One of the boys behind her chant "Agnes Bagnes Salamagines," and as Miss Parker closed the door behind her, she thought she could hear Mollie's voice chiming in with the others.

Miss Parker pressed the button for the elevator. She leaned weakly against the wall, waiting. She listened to the mechanical whine in the shaft. The elevator was slow in coming—too slow, much too slow, Miss Parker covered her face with her hands, and tried to breathe deeply and regularly to keep from crying. Her cheeks were hot, still, and the awful noise and confusion still echoed in her ears.

There was a burst of sound in the corridor. Miss Parker looked up quickly, embarrassed and ashamed. Mollie stood in front of her, saying nothing, watching her with big eyes. The door clicked shut, and the sound of the party died away again, and Miss Parker and Mollie were alone.

Miss Parker tried to smile, tried to speak, but words wouldn't come and she didn't know what to say.

"I didn't have a nice party," Mollie said slowly. "I didn't have a nice party at all."

MISS PARKER couldn't answer. She wanted to kneel down and take Mollie in her arms and hug her and hold her close, but she was afraid to—afraid the door would open again, or the elevator would come.

"You've mused your dress, Mollie, your pretty dress."

Mollie smiled, and in her eyes was a silent wish to understand and to help. She put out her hand and touched Miss Parker gently on the arm. It was a small gesture, clumsy and at the same time beautifully graceful. It was the uneasy, uncertain sympathy of a child, but Miss Parker, feeling the soft touch run through her body, was overcome with the gentleness of it. She felt sick with the sadness of it—the loneliness of a child, so young and so lovely, who knew about fear and emptiness and the deep loneliness of a child.

The elevator door slammed open, and Miss Parker bent suddenly down and kissed Mollie clumsily on the cheek. She felt the hot, golden tears in her own eyes. She saw the wide brave smile of success on Mollie's face just before the elevator door closed. She smiled back, and tried to laugh, and she felt the tears in her own eyes. Miss Parker had seen her wave and felt her gratitude, but she couldn't tell now whether Mollie had or not. And it was important, terribly important that she should know.

Miss Parker was all right by the time she reached the street. Her eyes were red and her face was flushed, but she was sure she was all right.

The afternoon was colder now—darker—but still fresh and clean. Miss Parker was tired, more tired than she had ever been in her life, but she was sure that there were no clouds. And it was still spring; there was still green in the trees. The green was delicate and fragile, and she saw it with where the bright sun struck, and the colors.

THE END

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*All statements in this advertisement about extra energy are based on authoritative, scientific sources, considering the ordinary skimpy breakfast as about 300 food-energy units. Eat a better breakfast!

"THE GRAINS ARE GREAT FOODS" — H. H. Kellogg

Atomic Test Case

Continued from page 13

As for the charge of economic waste in sinking or damaging our own ships, most of the ships selected as victims had outlived their usefulness and were doomed to the scrap heap anyway. Bomb modern ships? Well, we had so much difficulty in getting the obsolete types authorized we hesitated at asking for new construction. In this connection, however, we're sure of one thing—if the old riveted ships stand up well under the atomic-bomb blast the new welded construction will take even more punishment.

Then we had to choose a site for the testing ground. Offhand, this seems simple, but certain strict requirements had to be met. It was decided that for best results the site should be one governed by the United States, preferably an island group located at least five hundred miles from the continent. We wanted a good, protected anchorage with consistently favorable wind and weather conditions. Finally, it was important that the local population be small and co-operative so that they could be moved to a new location with a minimum of trouble.

We considered more than a dozen likely spots in the Atlantic, Caribbean and Pacific. Most of them were ruled out when we found the water was too shallow, the population too large or the weather un dependable.

Bikini is a coral atoll in the Marshall Islands, about twenty-one miles long by twelve wide. It has the typical formation of the island groups in this area of the South Pacific, a necklace of low coral islands surrounding a lagoon of azure blue water. None of the islands is more than ten feet above sea level at the highest point and palm trees are about the only vegetation. We're taking a census of the palm trees now so we can tell later how many survive the tests.

There were only 160-odd natives on the atoll and most of these lived on Bikini, at the northwest corner of the lagoon. Their chief, Jeimata Kabwa, told our emissaries he and his people would gladly move out. The Marshallese are so grateful to us for rescuing them from the Japs, who treated them badly, that they're more than willing to cooperate. We transferred Kabwa's tribe to Eniwetok, an island 135 miles east, and there the Seabees will help them get established in a new village by building a church and a meeting-house.

We'll moor our target ships, about seventy of them, in Bikini lagoon. The exact disposition can't be revealed, for security reasons, but this will not be a normal anchorage plan. Ordinarily, in a fleet anchorage, each ship is spaced so that it may

"swing around the hook" with the wind like a weathervane and still be in no danger of colliding with neighboring ships at anchor. To prevent such swinging, the individual target ships near the bull's-eye will not be anchored but tied up to mooring buoys, bow and stern. This will enable us to place them in a tight formation, presenting a more compact mass target for the bomb test. We expect several ships in the bull's-eye area to be sunk, and those located in the successive outer rings to incur damage ranging from heavy to negligible.

The center of attraction will be the proud old carrier Saratoga, veteran of many a campaign in the Pacific war and, having survived two torpedoings, a bear for punishment. Another small carrier, the Independence, which was constructed on a cruiser hull, will also be a "sitting duck." Both of these carriers will have planes on their hangar and flight decks, a carefully selected group of Army and Navy types.

Veteran Battlewagons Doomed

Present plans also call for the spotting of five battleships in the anchorage. Two of these, the Pennsylvania and the Nevada, lived through the Jap attack on Pearl Harbor, and another, the Arkansas, is a real old-timer. She got her first taste of action in the landing operations at Vera Cruz in 1914. Target Number Four, the New York, also was built before the first World War and rounded out her career almost thirty years later by helping blast the Japs out of Iwo Jima and Okinawa, after taking part in the Aleutians and Normandy sieges.

For the fifth battleship target we've picked the Japanese Nagato, a dreadnaught commissioned in 1919 and later modernized for service in the recent war. The Nagato has been under attack before. Last July, while she was anchored in Tokyo Bay, Admiral Halsey's carrier planes gave her a terrific pasting, scoring several direct bomb hits which ended her fighting days. The Nagato wasn't sunk, however, so now we're going to find out something we've been curious about for a long time—what the atomic bomb will do to Japanese battleship construction.

Two of our oldest heavy cruisers, the Pensacola and the Salt Lake City, will also be exposed in the lagoon that day. Both ships have been in active service in the Pacific all through the war. Another heavy cruiser target will be the German Prinz Eugen, which gave us plenty of worry in the European theater until the German fleet was bottled up. Incidentally, the Nazis say now it was

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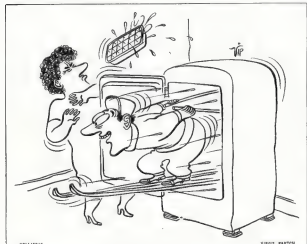
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Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes

the Prinz Eugen which sank the British battle cruiser Hood in a brief running battle in 1941. For a long while we thought the Nazi battleship Bismarck was responsible for that sinking. We're particularly interested in observing how the Prinz Eugen will withstand the bomb test, for she has more compartmentation than other ships of her class and carries more electrical equipment.

A Japanese light cruiser, the Sakawa, will represent that class, and the other combat ships will include fourteen destroyers and eight submarines. In addition to these we'll have a wide assortment of craft used in landing operations, from full-sized transports down through LSTs to the smallest landing boat. Some of the latter will be moored alongside the bigger ships and others will be beached to simulate actual landing conditions.

These guinea-pig ships have been readied in Navy yards on the East and West coasts and at Pearl Harbor for what may be their last sea voyage. Testing instruments are being installed and still other devices will be used to help us glean every bit of information we can after the blast. One of these, for example, is a special type of paint which will be smeared on the ships at strategic structural spots. This paint will act as a thermometer. Naturally the paint smears in the immediate vicinity of the blast will reveal nothing since the paint and the surface it covers will be destroyed, but at points more remote from the core of the explosion we can tell by examining the colors what temperatures were generated at each. Some scientists believe this heat will reach 100,000,000 degrees Fahrenheit at its source.

Some ammunition will be loaded aboard the ships. Just how much should be carried has been a subject of debate between the "probums" group and the "proship" group. The former insisted the magazines should be filled to capacity as they normally would be in a fleet prepared for action. The proship people, however, argue just as strongly this would be both unnatural and unfair, since the magazine of a ship hit by bombs can always be flooded to prevent resultant fires from touching them off. As the target ships will be unmanned, such a procedure will not be possible. The plan is to fill the magazines and fuel tanks to varying degrees, but again specific prevents us from being specific on the amounts.

The main objective of the test is to ascertain, under the most perfectly simulated conditions, just what the new bomb would do to the various types of ships which made up the average task force or convoy used in the last naval war. The entire experiment is comparable, on a much larger scale, to the bombing tests made on the old battleship Iowa shortly after World War I. That venerable ship, unmanned, provided a target for bombers and bombs of that time. Our

armed forces didn't know very much then about bombing or bomb defense, but eventually, after a number of separate attacks, the old Iowa was sunk.

This time we're much more ambitious scientifically. We expect to get a precision report on the sinkings and proportionate damage of a single bomb on a large number of ships specially placed for the test. We'll even go further than that. So far there has been no adequate demonstration of the destruction an atomic bomb can inflict on Army and Marine field equipment such as tanks, trucks, mortars, jeeps, howitzers, mobile radar and radio equipment. Decks of the target ships in Bikini lagoon will be loaded with samples of all of these and there'll also be dummies aboard wearing field uniforms, gas masks, ammunition belts and packing field rations when that first blinding flash blankets Task Force One. A detailed examination of what's left of that equipment will be made later.

Must Test Effect on Animals

Obviously, there won't be a human being within a radius of ten miles or more. Nevertheless, we feel it essential to study the reaction of living creatures to the bomb, particularly to its intense heat and radioactivity, so we will have rats, goats and pigs on some of the ships. We regret that some of these animals may be sacrificed but we are more concerned about the men and women of the next generation than we are about the animals of this one. The Army and Navy simply can't be stary-eyed about this phase of the experiment.

That's the setup ahead on Bikini lagoon. Now, let's see what's happening ashore. Already Seabees are busy on two of the main islands in the atoll, Bikini and Enyu, erecting tall steel towers and molding bomb shelters of reinforced concrete. Sensitive instruments and automatic cameras operated by remote control will be installed in these vantage points.

Late in May, Task Force One will have converged on Bikini and filed into the lagoon. Each ship will have steamed up to its assigned position and dropped its anchor or moored to its buoys. Meanwhile B-29s from the 509th Composite Group, the same unit which dropped two atomic bombs on Japan last August will be making "dry" runs over the target area from a base on Kwajalein, thirty minutes away by air. They will drop dummy bombs on rehearsal targets in the lagoon.

By this time oceanographers will have finished their surveys of the flow of ocean currents in that area and will have a good idea in what direction the water affected by the blast will move. Aerologists similarly will have a full report on prevailing winds at varying altitudes over the atoll. This



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"Run for your life—the dam's busted!"

KEENE WELLS



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ONLY THE FORD 2-TON TRUCK GIVES YOU ALL THESE BIG FEATURES!

- ☆ Performance! 100 h.p. Ford V-8 engine or 90 h.p. Ford Six!
- ☆ Flexibility! 2-speed rear axle . . . 8 speeds forward, 2 reverse!
- ☆ Strength! Heavy-duty, double-channel frame!
- ☆ Driving ease! Vacuum power axle shift! Power brakes!
- ☆ Long engine life! 4-ring Flightlight pistons . . . Oil filter . . . Oil bath air cleaner!
- ☆ Roadability! Shock-proof steering! Auxiliary springs!
- ☆ Range and capacity! Conventional and C.O.E. units . . . 14,500 and 15,000 pounds GVW rating, respectively! 8.25 x 20 10-ply dual rear tires!

The 2-Ton nominal rating applies when this truck is equipped as described above.

It's big . . . it's rugged . . . it's reliable . . . see the new Ford 2-Ton now! A big step toward an even greater range of truck sizes—it rounds out the range of Ford Trucks now rolling off the lines . . . Light Duty, Tonner, 1½-ton Conventional, 1½-ton C.O.E., School Bus chassis, Dump Truck chassis. Visit your Ford Dealer today!



**MORE FORD
TRUCKS IN USE
TODAY THAN ANY
OTHER MAKE**

FORD TRUCKS LAST LONGER

g over the lagoon, we hope of them and learn from their what might happen to defense fighters and bombers during a real atomic bombing attack.

We also expect to get more immediate technical information from drone boats, crewless LCVs which will cruise through the target ship formation just after the bombing. They will be radio-guided by control planes far overhead, and instruments placed aboard these boats will transmit by radio to a control center reports of radioactivity at different phases of the experiment.

Hours later, and right now we don't know how many hours, our advance investigators will move into the lagoon. Proceeding cautiously, and with tested protective device to detect residual radiation from the after-effects of the atomic blast, they will make a preliminary study of the sunken and damaged ships. These men will measure the amount of radioactivity still present in the vicinity of Bikini, and their findings will determine when a more detailed inspection will be feasible.

Then the real, unspectacular work begins—working scientists performing an autopsy on the assorted cadavers of steel ships, tanks, gas masks, K-rations, goats, pigs and rats. They will complete the main objective of Operation Crossroads, which is to learn what the blast, heat and radiation of the lethal atomic bomb will do to our carriers, battleships and smaller craft, not only to their main structures but to accessories, radar, fire control, gun mounts, etc.

A comprehensive study will be made of the amount of radioactivity produced by the bomb. You have read of some of the wild effects these rays had on the blood corpses and bone marrow of the victims of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. As soon as possible we shall examine the animals used in the test to obtain more firm information on this. Carcasses of the animals killed will be quick-frozen and shipped by air to laboratories for further study. This will aid our doctors in setting up methods for prevention, diagnosis and treatment of what the Japs called "atomic-bomb disease." Ichthyologists from the Fish and Wildlife Service will also be along to do similar research on marine life in the Bikini area after the bombing.

After the surviving drone planes are landed we'll make an analysis of the radioactive rays they have absorbed. X-ray film and instruments strategically located on the target ships and in the island towers and duneouts will also tell us how much radio-

activity was present and how long it lasted. Our scientists are particularly interested in any changes it may make in the earth's atmosphere or the ocean water. So far, they have proved, by analysis of the other three atomic-bomb explosions, that the bomb will not destroy atmosphere. They are also confident this blast will do nothing more to the water than create a momentary cavity in the lagoon from which an immense cloud of steam will arise.

In the final phase of the first test at Bikini, deep-sea divers will prow through the sunken ships in the lagoon, probing the wounds that caused them to sink. Their findings, plus all the other technical data collected from the test, will be forwarded to the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington for assimilation by an evaluation board made up of three civilian and four Army and Navy experts. The Joint Chiefs themselves will make the final strategic deductions, and determine how such information shall be made public. A committee appointed by the President will submit independent observations in a report to him.

Second Explosion May Be Worse

Even then, Task Force One's mission will be only one-third completed. Some weeks later we plan to run another test at Bikini by detonating an atomic bomb on or somewhat below the surface of the water. This bomb will not be dropped from a plane but will be mounted on a barge in the middle of another target formation comprising ships which survive the first bombing. People familiar with the bomb predict this blast will be much more destructive than the first, that it may stir up waves a hundred feet from crest to trough, swamp many vessels and inundate the entire atoll. Winds, ranging from five hundred miles an hour upward, may result, but we're making no guesses on this—until that test is made.

The final test in the series, detonating the bomb deep underwater, presents the greatest difficulties so we're setting no definite date for it. But it will be held next year. This one will differ from the other two in that the target ships will be at sea in very deep water. Fixing the speed and course of a group of unmanned ships by remote radio control has never been attempted before and may not be feasible. We have an alternate plan, however, in which ships in column would be connected by towlines and allowed to drift downwind using sea anchors to hold them on a fairly steady heading.

Getting the bomb down safely to a depth

They're Wilson made with Natural Rubber

It's true! They're back again . . . new Wilson Golf Balls wound with Natural Rubber.

Research has now made possible the application of electronics to the manufacture of modern golf balls. The result—greater uniformity—better performance.

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There's built-in precision in every Wilson golf club. Balanced perfection proved in technical tests and in the sensitive hands of golf's great masters. Play Wilson for a better game.

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READY
for YOU**

the New, Amazing

**Coleman
"G.I." Pocket
STOVE**

• Now this new streamlined civilian model of the famous Coleman Military Burner that was the war-time favorite of our fighters all over the world is being allocated to dealers as rapidly as possible. If your dealer does not have the Coleman "G.I." Pocket Stove now, ask him again soon.



Ready for Fun—Anywhere You Go!

Ready for instant use—for cooking, heating drinks, purifying water. It's the perfect pal for hunting, fishing and camping trips. Fine for heat and cooking in a duck blind or tent. Ideal for vacations and motor journeys... for bicycle, canoe and hiking jaunts... for picnics and backyard snack parties. Many uses around the home.

Easy to carry as a quart size can of food. Only 8½ inches high; 4½ inches in diameter. Slip it into the pocket of your hunting coat... glove compartment of your car... corner of the picnic basket. Burns any kind of gasoline—white or leaded. Telescoping case makes two handy cooking utensils.

Quality built for long, trouble-free service. Ask your dealer about the Coleman "G.I." Pocket Stove. You'll want one!

Write for Free Pictorial Folder showing and describing the many unusual features and uses of this "G.I." Pocket Stove. Address nearest office below.

America's Greatest Outdoor Light

An instant-lighting Coleman Floodlight Lantern is essential equipment on all outings. Floodlights 100-ft. area. Strongest winds can't put it out. Safe—can't spill fuel even if tipped over. 3 models—1 and 2 mantles. Get one from your dealer.

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of at least a half-mile isn't going to be easy either. We probably shall install it in a bathysphere, a diving bell similar to the type William Beebe, the undersea naturalist, used to explore the ocean floor off Bermuda. This bathysphere will have to be built strong enough to resist the tremendous pressure of the sea at this depth so that the bomb itself will not be crushed. When we work out all these preliminary details, and that will take many months, we shall be ready to see what a specially constructed atomic depth bomb, exploding far beneath the ocean's surface, can do to the underwater hulls of ships and to submerged submarines.

We anticipate arriving at the solution of many other problems upon which nuclear physicists and other scientists now hold varying opinions. It is agreed that a chain reaction will not be initiated by the bomb and progress throughout the entire ocean, but it is not definitely known what effect that sudden, mammoth release of nuclear energy will have upon the almost incompressible water, and the intensity and range of the radioactive rays are also uncertain.

What the Experiment Will Cost

These tests are going to be expensive. A recent unofficial estimate, which apparently includes the original value of ships presumably sunk, is close to a half-billion dollars. This is a very inaccurate figure, however, for it's just as difficult to assess the value of a thirty-year-old ship as it is to put a fair price tag on a thirty-year-old automobile. Most of our targets were headed for the junk pile, and their sale would not have brought the taxpayer one per cent of their original cost. It is equally difficult to judge what share of the current operating expenses of the Army and Navy and other co-operating governmental agencies can be charged properly to the overall cost of "Crust-raids."

Whatever the ultimate cost of the Bikini venture, it may save America many times that amount in avoiding future mistakes, in design of naval ships and military matériel, and in assisting the development of our naval tactics and air strategy along realistic lines in a world where international relationships and national security have been profoundly modified by the release of the energy of the atom.

I have seen what the atomic bomb did at Nagasaki. I share the earnest desire of all thinking men that atomic energy will never again be used in this world as a weapon. Our naval and military leaders unanimously hope that the statesmen of all nations will be able soon to guarantee for mankind an enduring peace maintained by law. Until

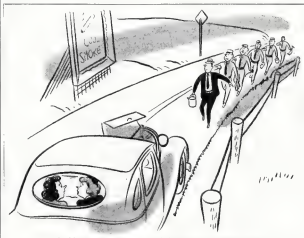
If Admiral Blandy's boat (and trans-Pacific broadcast) will largely a matter of luck, you'll see at home will hear the actual explosion of the bomb burst before the admiral does. Arrangements have been made to have an open microphone on one of the main target ships, and another on one of the other target ships anchored several hundred yards away from the bull's-eye.

During the "pool" news broadcast, which will be fed back directly to the four American networks, an electric metronome will be working on the target ship. After the "Bomb away" call, the first indication that the bomb has gone off will be when you don't hear the "click-click" of the metronome—meaning that the microphone and the metronome have been blown to smithereens. It is believed, though, that a special microphone on a target ship on the other periphery will be far enough away so that its mike will not be disintegrated before the sound hits it—so, from that ship, you'll hear the first "boom." Admiral Blandy's flagship, the U.S.S. Mt. McKinley, will be approximately ten miles away; therefore, about 40 seconds later, you'll hear the "boom" again as it is picked up by the microphone on the Mt. McKinley. The press ship, the U.S.S. Appalachia, expected to be about 15 miles away, will get the blast sound about 20 seconds later—with less intensity. So you at home, shortly after the bomb harder says, "Bomb away," will hear the metronome stop ticking; you'll hear the blast via the boom on the peripheral target ship, on the Mt. McKinley and on the Appalachia.

Actually, radio listeners here in the United States will hear all this before people on the scene hear it direct, because while sound travels at only 1,100 feet a second, radio waves move at the rate of 186,000 miles per second.

that goal is reached, the armed forces of the United States have a very grave responsibility in insuring that all aspects of the use of any weapon are fully explored. The atomic bomb is here. We cannot hide our heads in the sand and ignore it. After careful study, cold facts gleaned from the triple Bikini experiment will assist in evaluation of the probable effects of the atom on American Sea Power, Air Power and Ground Power: the spearheads on which the security of our nation still depends.

THE END



"It looks like he got gas at one of those super service stations!"

PHOTO BY

PHOTO BY



"Having Wonderful Time in Wonderful Michigan!"



Yesterday, Tom and I played golf. It's a swell course. Even the scoring was good.



This morning we took a plunge in the lake and felt sorry for you sweating there in the city.



This afternoon, we went sailing. There was a nice breeze and it was loads of fun—



Uncle Charlie wants to just lean back and be lazy. But the fish won't let him!



Of all vacation spots, Michigan is my favorite. If only I could, I'd stay 'all summer!!

That's the kind of fan mail that goes out of Michigan by the carload every year . . . cards and letters that sing a happy song of praise for Michigan's peerless playgrounds . . . the clear, blue waters of its thousands of lakes . . . its scenic drives and romantic trails . . . its balmy, fun-filled days and cool, refreshing nights . . . its spick-and-span resorts and its genial, helpful hosts. People really do have a wonderful time in wonderful Michigan . . . and keep coming back for more of the same. Why don't you plan to join them this year? As the first step in this direction, mail the coupon below.

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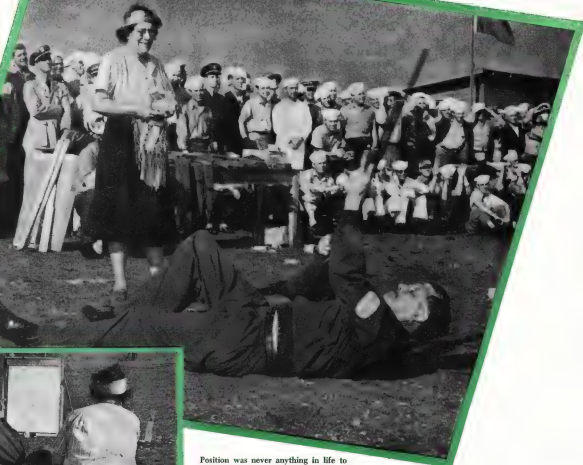
Please send me free, illustrated literature that will help me plan an enjoyable vacation in—

☐ East Michigan ☐ West Michigan*
☐ Southwestern Michigan ☐ Upper Peninsula

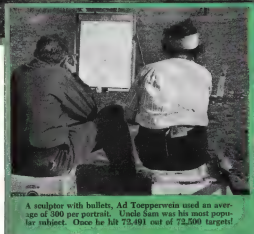
NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... STATE.....



Position was never anything in life to Ad Toepperwein who, at 74, could shoot as well lying on his back as standing on his head. His late wife is watching him



A sculptor with bullets, Ad Toepperwein used an average of 300 per portrait. Uncle Sam was his most popular subject. Once he hit 72,491 out of 72,500 targets!

TEXAS TRIGGERMAN

BY W. H. DEPPERMAN

The saga of an expert rifle marksman who, at ten paces, wouldn't even have to bother holding the gun. He was good

SOME years ago in Uvalde County, Texas, archaeologists were mystified to find a perfect Indian head outlined in the flat face of a huge shale slab sloping back over the mouth of a cave. They couldn't figure out how a red-skinned sculptor could have climbed the sheer face of the stone, or suspended himself from the extended overhang above it, to make his picture of a Sioux Indian in full war bonnet in a locale where war bonnets were never worn.

After digging for Indian relics, the baffled archaeologists subsequently discovered that the artist was no itinerant aborigine, but America's greatest aerial marksman, who, to amuse himself one day when the fish wouldn't bite, "drew" the Indian head with bullets from his rifle.

Adolph P. Toepperwein was born in Texas in the rootin'-tootin'-shootin' year

of 1869—a place and time when a man's life sternly depended on his shooting irons and his ability to use them. Today at seventy-six, this lanky, keen-eyed Texan is retiring with a shooting record which will probably stand for all time. In twelve grueling days, he broke 72,491 out of a total of 72,500 aerial targets. With only nine misses, he established a record that mathematicians figure to be .999875872 of perfection.

During his sixty-five years of shooting, Ad Toepperwein performed other miracles with his rifle. While on a tour of Mexico with Orrin Brothers Circus, the Texan was requested by the chief of police of a small community to shoot some souvenirs. Ad complied by shooting out the centers of three pesos in mid-air. With the characteristic disappearing qualities of money, the coins winged away, and when Ad and his public trooped around a wall to retrieve them, they came upon a threadbare peon on her calloused knees, hands clasped in prayer. Between her fingers she clutched a plugged peon. The elderly woman had been praying for money when the coin obligingly tinkled down at her bare toes.

Ad's miracle of the bell occurred while he was hunting with friends along the International Boundary Line. Espying an abandoned mission several hundred yards distant, Ad accepted the challenge of a member of the party to ring its ancient bell with a shot, from his rifle. Pleased by the resonant tong, Ad rang the bell several times before the party passed on. As they approached the mission, they heard excited voices and saw an awestruck group of Mexicans staring incredulously at the bell.

The Miracle of the Bell

"A miracle," they intoned. "Our bell has been ringing, and it has had no clapper for twenty years."

Ad Toepperwein grew up with guns. In the little bullet hole of Leon Springs, Texas, Ad's father was a gunsmith for buffalo hunters and for less sports-minded but practical citizens who carried shooting hardware in the precautionary spirit that their descendants carry insurance. The Chinese have a saying that even the cobblestones in the street hate a ten-year-old boy. If there were

hostile cobblestones in Leon Springs, they would have scarcely found it healthy to hate Ad Toepperwein. By the time he was ten, Ad had graduated from a crossbow to a 14-gauge muzzle-loading shotgun (both manufactured by the Senior Toepperwein) and a Fleabert .22-caliber single-shot rifle.

When he was eleven, Ad attended Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and was impressed by the great feat of Dr. W. F. Carver, one of Buffalo Bill's marksmen, whose record of breaking 5,500 targets without a miss was tops for his time. Ad's boast that some day he would beat the eminent doctor's record seemed doomed when his father died that same year and the frustrated rifle shooter was obliged to accept a prosaic job in a San Antonio crockery store. In his leisure time Ad took up the economical pastime of drawing. Some of his sketches reached the desk of the editor of the San Antonio Daily Express and landed him a job as a newspaper cartoonist.

Ad was now able to afford the luxury of ammunition and by the time he was twenty-one, his shooting prowess made

(Continued on page 50)

Collier's for June 8, 1946



HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF BETTER GAS

Don't expect to fill your tank with the new, higher-octane gas and get top-grade performance from spark plugs you may have switched to during the war. Now that you're getting far better fuel—and have returned to normal driving—more than ever, you need to consult your service station about changing to AC plugs that run *cooler* than those you may have used with wartime fuels.

The correct type of plug is *necessary* in order to avoid hard starting—loss of power—waste of gas—cracked insulators—rapid electrode wear—excessive oxide coating—misfiring under heavy loads.

The AC Heat Range, and today's wider heat range per plug, enable you to fit spark plugs exactly to engine operating conditions. That's why AC's were standard equipment on 2 of every 4 cars and trucks—why your Registered AC Dealer can help you get the *utmost reliability* in spark plug performance. Have your plugs checked today. Be sure you have the type that will give you the best in performance.

CLEAN PLUGS SAVE UP TO ONE GALLON OF GAS IN TEN

* * *

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



Two ways the world

ONE WAY is simple. The only tire fact you need to know is—more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind.

That's true this year. It's been true for the last 51. And obviously, there's only one way on earth to keep people buying more Goodyears than any other tire, year after year.

That's to build the best tire. On the record, Goodyear is America's best tire.



How to tell the best tire from just a good one :



1. All tires tend to "grow" or stretch as they get older. And stretched rubber is easier to cut and wears faster. But Goodyear's patented Supertwist cord is *pre-stretched*. It makes the tire hold its shape—gives you thousands of miles of extra wear.



2. No loafers! If tire cords aren't uniform in size and strength, some of them will "loaf" while others work overtime—and give out long before they should. Goodyear's patented Supertwist is uniform—every cord works—and the result is a uniformly stronger, longer-lasting tire carcass.



3. Supertwist is thinner, stronger, too! This patented cord, made by Goodyear in its own mills, is thinner, stronger—flexes more easily—and thus generates less tire-killing heat. That's why a Goodyear runs cooler—and many extra miles farther!



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MORE PEOPLE R

ys to pick s best tire

ANOTHER WAY to pick the world's best tire is to find out something about the way tires are made.

The more you know about tires, the more likely you are to pick Goodyears.

Below, you'll find some tire facts . . . some reasons why a Goodyear will, we believe, carry you farther and more safely than any other tire.



Dick Williams

Two versions of the world's finest tire:
De Luxe Rib Tread
De Luxe All-Weather Tread

"Squeezing" more miles into a tire! Because of its special design, the tread on a Goodyear tire is actually squeezed together when you inflate the tire. The tread is therefore firmer, harder to cut, harder to wear down. This feature alone has meant thousands of extra miles to Goodyear owners!



SEE YOUR GOODYEAR DEALER

If he doesn't have your size at the moment, he will soon.

What's more, since his store is Tire Service Headquarters, he'll help you keep rolling until your new Goodyears arrive.

And when you put new Goodyears on your car, do it with complete confidence that as far as getting the utmost in tire safety, comfort, and mileage, there's nothing more that you can do.

You've bought Goodyears. You've bought the best!



OD YEAR

IDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

NEW! SULFA DRUG FORMULA USED FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT!

Itching Feet, Toes—
Red, Raw, Cracked or
Peeling Skin on Feet or
Between Toes—are
Symptoms of Highly
Infectious and Danger-
ous ATHLETE'S FOOT

FOOTSTEPS THAT
PERIL THE
WHOLE FAMILY!

ATHLETE'S
FOOT

WARNING! Danger lurks on every surface not hygienically clean. Don't let your feet or your family's feet be infected by the spores of this invisible enemy!

Even a spotlessly-kept home may not prevent invasion of highly infectious Athlete's Foot. It afflicts 71% of the population at various times. But you can help prevent as well as effectively fight Athlete's Foot by making daily use of Dr. Scholl's Sulfa Solvex for your own and your whole family's protection.

In this remarkable new powder preparation of Dr. Scholl's, is the miracle drug Sulfathiazole, among other highly effective medicaments. The function of this extraordinary drug in Dr. Scholl's Sulfa Solvex, is to help prevent, as well as to combat serious secondary infections frequently occurring in Athlete's Foot.

It does this by dissolving in the perspiration and tissue fluids of the skin of the foot, to promptly attack the area of infection.

Dr. Scholl's Sulfa Solvex quickly relieves intense itching of Athlete's Foot; kills the fungi on contact. Aids rapid healing; helps prevent reinfection.

Dr. Scholl's Sulfa Solvex
The SULFA Preparation For ATHLETE'S FOOT

This new formula of Dr. Scholl's, the noted consultant on diseases and deformities of the feet, only 50¢ at Drug, Shoe and Department Stores, and by prescription in certain states requiring it.

There is no other formula like Dr. Scholl's Sulfa Solvex. Get it today and protect yourself and your family against Athlete's Foot. Use exactly as directed.



him a local celebrity. George Walker, manager of the town's Grand Opera House, took young Toepperevin in tow and brought him to New York with the idea that his trick shooting would get him into vaudeville. But, in 1890, there were as many fake trick-shooters as there were hustles on women's skirts. Shot by vaudeville bookers, and a thousand miles from home, Ad gambled his last few dollars on a trip to Coney Island. With Walker's help, he induced the booker for the B. F. Keith vaudeville circuit to join him.

It was a sad day for shooting gallery row when the quiet, twenty-one-year-old Texan dropped in. Toepperevin proceeded down gallery row, methodically laying down dimes and firing. By the time he had cleaned out every breakable target in half a dozen galleries (and his pocketbook), and acquired a traffic-blocking crowd of admirers, the rest of the galleries closed down in self-defense. At that point the vaudeville booker cried "Uncle."

The next day Ad was in big time. In 1901, Ad gave up free-lance shooting to become chief exhibition shooter for an arms company, whose rifles and ammunition he had been using. Thirty years later when the company was sold, Ad had shot himself into one of the company's assets and went along with the sale.

She Knew What She Wanted

Elizabeth Servaty, a pretty redhead of eighteen, first laid eyes on her future husband when he walked through the arms plant where she was assembling .22-caliber cartridges. She promptly pulled a Mary Lincoln.

"I'm going to marry that man," she firmly announced.

It was a bull's-eye prediction. Shortly thereafter, Miss Servaty "accidentally" bumped into the target of her affections at the pump in the center of New Haven's Common. Although she did not actually say: "Ad Toepperevin, I would be thine..." she apparently managed to convey the idea, for soon she and Ad were married.

It was a case of "love me, love my gun." Three weeks after Ad gave his wife her first shooting lesson, she was popping pieces of chalk from between his fingers with a 22

rifle. The stunt required a lot more confidence than most married men could muster in their wives, but Ad had discovered that his wife was one of the greatest "natural" shooters he had ever met. "Plink," she said every time she hit a target, and as "Plinky" she became known to the millions of persons before whom the Toepperevin husband-and-wife shooting team performed in forty years of barnstorming. The barnstorming ended during the war when they visited most of the Southern Army camps, teaching the boys how to shoot.

The Toepperevins' bag of tricks included shooting while standing on their heads; while lying on their backs; breaking a target ahead and behind simultaneously with two revolvers, aiming one with the aid of a mirror. Audiences loved most the stunts that were more spectacular than skillful. Men, women, and children roared with delight when Plinky tossed an egg into the air and Ad spashed it in a yellow streak across the sky. Ad's most popular and original stunt was to "draw" pictures with his rifle. Combining his cartooning experience with his shooting skill, he required an average of 300 cartridges to draw the pictures in his repertory. These included the Sioux, Uncle Sam, Popeye, jigs, cowboys, ducks, and now and then a plug for his company's products.

The Toepperevins' claim to fame does not rest on trick shooting. The greatest woman trapshooter of her time, Mrs. Toepperevin was the first of her sex to break 100 consecutive targets, a feat she repeated 200 times. In addition to smashing 200 consecutively 14 times, she made the greatest record ever shot by a woman and equaled by few men, when she broke 1,952 out of 2,000 clay targets. Her 25-yard timed-fire record with the .38-caliber officer's model revolver was 497 out of 500. With a .22 rifle, she smashed 1,460 wood blocks two and one fourth inches square without a miss. No other woman shooter ever approached that record although Ad Toepperevin exceeded it more than 1,000 per cent by breaking 14,561 consecutively without a miss.

In 1906, at the Fair Grounds in San Antonio, Texas, a big crowd braved the cold, rainy December weather to see Ad Toepperevin make good his boyish boast that some day he would beat Doc Carver's record. In



COLLIER'S

ISSUED HERE

the twenty-six years since Ad first witnessed his exhibition, Carver had increased his record from a mere 5,500 consecutive hits to the gargantuan figure of 60,000 out of 60,650. Ad had something to shoot at.

Carver made his record shooting at glass balls, but broken glass is a dangerous nuisance on shooting grounds. Ad assembled 50,000 wood blocks, three automatic .22 rifles, referees, and a group of stalwart fellows to toss the blocks.

The first day he hit 6,500 blocks. His first miss occurred the second day when the 8,000th block was tossed up. Carver's first record tumbled. By the time Ad finished with his 50,000 blocks, he had established the as yet unbroken record of 14,561 without a miss, and the even more remarkable feat of missing only four of the entire 50,000 blocks.

Ad's blocks, block tossers, and referees were exhausted, but Ad and his three rifles which he alternated every 500 rounds were ready for more. Scouts bought up every .22

cartridge in San Antonio's stores. Weary but game admirers sorted out 22,500 chunks from the original blocks. With a fresh crew of block tossers and referees, Ad resumed his marvellous feat.

At the end of his twelfth day of shooting, Tooperwein had set a record which will probably never be equaled. He had hit 72,491 out of 72,500 targets, proving himself the champion serial marksman of America and probably the world. In the past thirty-nine years no one has even attempted to go on after his record.

In Ad Tooperwein's hands, the .22 rifle, once considered a child's caliber, became an adult. His uncanny marksmanship with ordinary factory models stimulated manufacturers to improve both the rifle and its ammunition. Today it is the most popular caliber among competitive shooters and the basic arm used in teaching men to handle such man-sized weapons as the Garand and Springfield.

THE END

LOST & FOUND



COLLIER'S

"Do you see it, lady?"

DANIEL AKERS

Any Week

Continued from page 4

ALL SORTS of writers are trooping through this office. Trouble is our editor's Kentucky rifle is up in Center Ossipee, New Hampshire. Mr. Parker W. Morrow, to whom it was sent for repairs, writes: "It was down all winter at Carl Koon's, my regular gunsmith. . . . He sprained his right wrist and couldn't shoot. When he did get to it, he stripped the barrel and lock from the stock, took breech pin out, cleaned, installed new nipple, hammer and mainspring, seraped down the stock, worked on five coats of finish, and burnished. I got her last month, met Arthur Knox, who wanted her so bad I let him have her for a good using .30-30 carbine and \$25 in cash. In Canada swapped the .30-30 for three .303 Enfields the government wasn't using. Back in the States met Shiff the gun trader at North Woodstock, and let him have them for a .38-55 Pope on a Winchester high side-wall action complete with all tools. Swapped same to Liney Shaw at Holderness for a Model R 250-3000 Savage with a Lyman Alaskan scope in Sisk mounds. When I got home, found Arthur Knox with reminders of the Kentucky. Seems he loaded her with smokeless instead of old-fashioned mild black. He touched her off and blowed the nipple and drum right back out of her and the bullet busted back. Fifth Grade all to hell in local schoolhouse.

Schoolmarm was working late correcting papers, and when the clock blowed up, she sort of reared back and dropped her top bridgework and they dropped, and Arthur he had to drive her to Doc Clows at Wolfboro to get them welded and refitted. I had to give him dentist's bill for which I hope you reimburse me to extent of \$27.50. He didn't want no more to do with muzzle loaders so I let him have the Savage for \$150 plus reminders of the Kentucky. Have ordered new barrel for same from Buhlmeister and when it comes through will have it fitted and you should get your Kentucky all ok in about two months and I will send bill when I ship."

ALMOST forgot to tell you that we eventually found that general we were looking for in the Pentagon Building. He was busy reading a letter from a citizen in Walla Walla, Washington. It read: "Seeing your name in the paper, please send collect one medium tank from the Army. Some ammunition. I will not break any laws and hurry up. . . ."

WE HAVE here a note from a wounded G.I. who wants to know whether anybody involved in the business of writing a world peace compact ever shivered in a fox hole. . . .

W. D.

What a difference when you tune in the "Z"

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Even in everyday life there are occasions that are also indescribable — that must be lived to be appreciated. There's that moment when you gaze with satisfaction at the glass in your hand, half-emptied of its Budweiser, but still brimming with enjoyment. You know then that you could never describe the utterly distinctive taste that charms you . . . that has made Budweiser the most popular beer the world has ever known.

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Every sip tells you what words can't

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This Character, Sawyer

Continued from page 19

and it's had some good ones. Too many. You'll be okay. Sergeant, take these men up there." The captain looked kind of tired, and his voice was tired, too. So was the sergeant who took us up to the platoon, just a few miles. I was nervous, scared with a sort of stage fright, you might call it. I remember looking over at this character, Sawyer, and he didn't make me feel any better. He was looking at the ground again, with that same soft, scared-silly, ugly droop on his pan.

Thank God the platoon didn't jump off for a couple of days, so I had time to get used to a hole in the ground, and I listened to the older guys. Men who had been on the line and in the fighting for maybe weeks, even months. I was always willing to take advice from the right people in those days. Could be that's why I'm here, now.

ONE dawn, we jumped off—went down the reverse slope of our hill, up the steep slope, had a fire fight, and took the next hill. The whole thing, as far as I remember it, all was being so scared and jeep I couldn't breathe right. But, I guess I must have done pretty well. I kept contact with the man on my right and the man on my left. I hit the ground at the right times, and I fired my M-1 okay. At least, it got pretty hot in my hands. Finally, by the time it was dark again, a lot of grenades and stuff went off and we had the hill.

Lieutenant Garonkin, a little dark man with a mustache, who dressed just like a G.I., put out his outposts and radioed in to the company. We ate our K rations cold in our holes, and they tasted pretty good—that's how hungry we were—and waited for the hot food and bedrolls to come up.

I fell asleep waiting. The bedrolls didn't come up that night at all. Before I fell asleep, I remembered I hadn't seen Sawyer all day. We didn't get much sleep in, anyway, because we started for the next hill about four o'clock the next morning.

Hill 674, I think that was the name of it, was our objective. It was at least ten miles off to the north, and we had a lot of foot-slogging to do the next day. We stopped in an orchard of some kind that noon for chow, because of the overhead cover it gave us. There had been a few Jerry planes that day, and once an Me 109 came in low as if he meant business. That time I hit the ground so hard I hounded. Don't get any wrong ideas. The best of them did that. The good ones knew when to drop, but they could be counted on to stay on their feet, too, when they were supposed to.

Lieutenant Garonkin sat on a pile of broken branches and talked that double-talk on his radio. When he was through, he stretched, yawned and scratched himself. In a little while, he called over the platoon sergeant, a guy named Satterley. I was close enough to hear what he said on the radio. "Satterley, tell the men to relax. We're staying here at least until tomorrow. There must be a lot up there, because they say they aren't ready for yet. Okay?"

"Okay, Lieutenant. That's pretty good, huh?" Satterley had a big smile on his face. "Don't get excited, Sarge. The thing isn't called off, it's just a regret." He nodded toward the hill. "That's going to be a tough cookie. It's our baby, and I think we're stuck with it, but a little rest will do the boys some good before we take that hill."

I started liking the lieutenant from then on, and never stopped. Up to then, I hadn't thought of him one way or the other, except to notice that the old hands seemed to look up to him a lot.

So we relaxed, and everything was working fine now. No different orders came out of that radio. All we did was sit around, chew the fat or read. Later, another boy and I built a little sort of lean-to over our holes out of branches and a raincoat, and I guess I fell asleep.

The noise of a motor woke me up. It

was late at night. The hot chow and the bedding had come up with the platoon jeep and trailer. I got out of the hole and went over to it, and pretty soon most of the guys had their mess gear out and were lining up. The stuff smelled wonderful.

Who was sitting in the front seat, next to the driver? Sawyer. I hadn't noticed him before, even though there was a bright moon coming down through the trees.

"Hi, Mac," he said, with one of his ugly smirks. Man, what an ugly boy he was especially when he was feeling his own natural self and not as scared as he was most of the time. "Regular combat vet-run, ain't you?" That wasn't a question, either, the way he said it.

"I did all right," I said. I left him sitting there and joined the chow line, a couple of yards away. The moon was so bright we had to be careful about flashing our mess gear around too much. I guess Sawyer had eaten already because he didn't move. He had one long, skinny leg over the side of the jeep and I could see his combat shoes were unbuttoned and even unlaced. He sure looked sleepy, even for a doughfoot.

Sergeant Satterley came over to the jeep. "Hop out, Sawyer. The lieutenant wants to see you," he said.

"Okay, Mac, I'm sociable. Send that so-and-so over here." He was still smirking, but his foot was swinging a little too fast, you know? Lord, how much I was beginning to hate that character.

Satterley's fist looked as big as a barrel with most of Sawyer's dirty jacket in it. It pulled Sawyer almost out of the jeep. "Don't call me 'Mac' soldier," the sergeant almost whispered, his face about two inches from the man. "Comin'?"

Sawyer got out pretty fast, with a lot of help, and the two of them went off to where the lieutenant had his own hole. It took me about twenty minutes to eat and scrub my gear clean, but when I got back, the lieutenant was still talking.

"Maybe now you know how I feel about men like you," the lieutenant was saying. "The bedrolls didn't need watching, by you or anybody else. When I want someone to guide the bedrolls up here, I'll tell you the next time you leave this platoon without permission or orders, I'll have you court-martialed if I have to go to the Old Man himself to do it!"

THAT'S why I hadn't seen Sawyer when we took the hill the day before. He had appointed himself guardian over the bedrolls! That dodge was given up during the Crusades, I'll bet. I was in my sack by this time, but my ears were wide-awake. A good habit to get into. Lieutenant Garonkin sounded as if he was talking to a skinned worm, that's how disgusted he must have been. But at that, he kept his voice down.

Do you know the penalty for misconduct before the enemy, Satterley? Or does it sound better if I say it another way. Like, do you know what happens to little boys who go off to play by themselves when everybody else is fighting? Do you, Sawyer?" Sawyer mumbled something.

"Sir!" Satterley's voice broke in. "Sir, soldier. When you get up, if the lieutenant says it's air!" Man, he sounded mad. Sawyer mumbled some more.

"Okay, Sawyer," Lieutenant Garonkin said. "I'm going to watch you like my own brother from now on. And I'm asking Sergeant Satterley to watch you. Remember that, the next time you start feeling sorry for the bedrolls left alone all by themselves back there with the kitchen."

That was about all. Sawyer wasn't even bussed down from private first class. I guess the lieutenant was too busy after that to worry about one guy out of sixty.

Well, we didn't move all the next day, and the next. And for two whole days we sat around in the orchard and listened to the heavy stuff going by over our heads. It



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sounded like a dozen freight trains. The sky behind Hill 674 was full of smoke, so we knew our artillery had lowered the boom on the valley behind the hill which had a couple of towns in it. That was good, those heavies going over. It meant less dead doughie, and less to do, later on.

On the third day, the lieutenant got his orders. He went into a huddle with Satterley, and sent him around to get the platoon all together. This was still new stuff to me, my stomach felt full of ice. Later on, it became old stuff, but the ice always came back just the same. Every time. In fact, I can get that feeling just taking about it, like now.

The lieutenant was squinting with his maps, and was marking a lot of red lines and circles and stuff all over one of them, the one with the hill on it. We sat down in a half circle around him.

"We go up the hill tonight," He was very serious-looking, and his little mustache worked up down trying to keep his face from looking too worried, I guess.

"There's no use beating around the bush. It's going to be a rough deal. But, we won't be alone up there. A rifle platoon of A Company will be there, and we'll have lots of close-in mortar support. The 81-mm. stuff. So, we won't be alone. Just remember that."

He stepped and looked around at all of us. I looked around too. The guys were looking mighty serious. Mighty serious, but not hopeless. I caught Sawyer's eye. That one was hopeless. He looked dead.

"Okay, here's what we do," Lieutenant Garonkin got down to business.

As it turned out, the rest we had had in the orchard came in handy. The hill was rough. For hours we were pinned down. Couldn't move an inch. But we could hear the firing on our left, and there was some fighting on our right, too. How that was, I never did find out. Things happen like that, in a fire fight. And, behind us, we heard our mortars, so we weren't hopeless, at all. The next night, we had the hill. In fact, we even started down the other side, before we stopped. But, we had lost about half our guys on that hill. Including the sarge.

There was good cover where we stopped, which was a very good thing, because it was getting light. That's another thing about Lieutenant Garonkin. He never left you high and dry when daylight came, like ducks in a shooting gallery. He knew his onions, and he didn't learn it at Benning, either. One of those battlefield commissions, and he rated it. More than most, I'd say.

Why I thought Sawyer while we waited I don't know, but again I remembered that he hadn't been around so you could notice him. Well, he had been with us. It turned out, not only that, but you know what I mean. Nothing you could put your finger on, but he might just as well not have been there.

That night we moved down into the valley by the edge of a small forest, and dug in. The towns ahead were still burning, but that like before, Sawyer hadn't gotten away with anything. He got another chewing from the lieutenant about his pretty ways, and maybe because the lieutenant was busy over the number of casualties and about Satterley, he didn't bother to keep his voice down any. How a man can stand hearing what Sawyer had to listen to, that day, in front of the guys like that, I'll never know. But, that was Sawyer.

The next night, we got some more men for the platoon. Mostly green, the way I like it. I say "green" because a dough-foot can't afford to stay green long in combat. The fires in the towns were about out, and we were going to mop them up, we were told. Another sergeant, a fellow I didn't know, was platoon sergeant now.

We waited until almost dawn. While we waited, who should come up and flop down near me? Sawyer. The moon was still

bright, and I could see his face. It was awful. Sort of bunched up, and loose, and rotten at the same time.

"I'll get that bastard! So help me, I'll get him!" he croaked.

"Get who?" I asked, not caring much. I was thinking about the towns.

"That... The lieutenant. I'll get him." His voice and that face he had on those shoulders have warned me that the goon was ready to bludge him, but I thought he'd be afraid to try anything, even if he wanted to.

But I was wrong about Sawyer. The fact that he was so scared and miserable all the time made what happened possible. Add to that the fact that he had found a target for all that crazy fear, cussedness and misery—and that was Lieutenant Garonkin.

In a few hours we pushed off and got to the edge of the first town just as daylight was breaking. The town—it was named after a saint, I remember—was just a one-street affair. Really only a wide part in the road, with houses running along the street for maybe seven or eight hundred yards. But, it was a bad town, from our way of thinking, because it had a bend in it about the middle, and the houses along the bend were mostly still standing. Anybody in one of those houses had a beautiful field of fire all along the way we were coming in. So, we were careful.

END IN SIGHT

I'm on the list for a washing machine
And a radio-phonograph.
For a vacuum cleaner I stand seventeen
After only a year and a half.

I'm on the list, of course, for a car,
A super de luxe sedan,
And my dealer tells me I haven't far
To go to be up in the van.

I'm on the list for a dozen things;
With ill-concealed longing I eye them.
And I only hope, when the telephone rings,
I'll still have the money to buy them!

—RICHARD ARMOUR

We had gotten into the town about two hundred yards. By that time, we knew the town wasn't being defended by anything we could see at least, so we relaxed. The guys were having a party. Some of them were waving grenades into rooms; others were firing M-1s through windows; and a lot of them poked their Tommy guns into doorways and sprayed the places. That sort of mopping up can be fun. You know. That is, when nobody is shooting back.

ZING! A bullet split the plaster of the wall not an inch from the lieutenant's head. He was on the other side of the street from me, and had just come out of one door and was going up the street to the next one. He jumped back into the shelter of that last doorway like he was made of springs. Another bullet hit exactly where he had been.

It was obvious. Jerry had left a sniper behind and he was in one of those houses on the bend of that street. We were more surprised than anything else that everything had seemed so nice and safe. Anyway, this sniper was after officers. Lots of them had orders like that. We did it, too. They'd let the guys alone, and wait for officers. It happened all the time, and that's why Lieutenant Garonkin wore G.I. clothes whenever we were getting ready for a fight. I looked over at him. He had a foolish grin on his face, sort of embarrassed. He took off a pair of shiny brass crossed rifles from his shirt collar that he must have forgotten about, and held it up for me to see.

"Pulled rank at the wrong time," he yelled. By that time, he had to yell. The platoon had gotten over being surprised, had

taken cover and had opened up with everything it had. Guys were in doorways or up in the houses on the same time, and their stomachs behind some rubble. The noise was the worst I had ever heard. It was terrible, in such a small place. M-1s, tommy's, the BARs, carbines, machine guns, blasting around the front walls of those houses on the bend was falling like snow. Some of the guys had flunked the houses, too, and the whole town was burning. That's how much stuff was hitting them. Quite a bit of smoke was starting to come up around us, and the lieutenant made a dash across the street, and into the doorway a few yards behind me.

"Maybe he'll forget about me." He had to shriek at the top of his lungs over the noise.

This kept up for about ten minutes and then it died of its own accord. I couldn't see how it was possible for anything to stay alive in those houses on that bend. They even had bazooka holes in them, and at that range.

Pretty soon it was very quiet in the street. "Let's get a couple of seconds—hold behind me. Way back, I could hear the new platoon sergeant repeating the command, and the guys started coming out. Everybody was very careful and careful and kept plenty of distance and flattened out against the walls of the houses on both sides of the street when they advanced. After all, the sniper hadn't come out. He was quiet, but that was no insurance he was dead.

After a little while, the men stopped taking pot shots at those houses ahead, and you could hear the grenades again. Things were getting organized, like before.

The next couple of seconds—and that's all it took—I'll never forget in my life. There was a sort of scuffle behind me, and someone was yelling, "Lieutenant! Lieuten-

I looked around just in time to see this character, Sawyer, standing out in the street, a few feet from Lieutenant Garonkin, who was backed up against the wall with his mouth hanging wide open.

Then Sawyer started saluting. One salute after another, and all the time he kept yelling, "Lieutenant! Sir! Hey, Lieutenant, sir! Is that all right, sir?" Just like that. He had finally blown his top, anybody could see that. He couldn't get the lieutenant himself, didn't have the guts, but his brain, what there was of it, couldn't stand the balled-up fear and that was in it any longer, and it had cooked up this crazy scheme. You know? And the funny part of it was, it almost worked.

"What the—Hey, get back, you fool, get back. Stop it!" Lieutenant Garonkin still stood there, just staring and ordering the guys to get back. He was shouting and coming closer, he finally got the idea. It was that obvious. So, he just dropped in his tracks, fast. He'd had the platoon sergeant behind him, you see, that he, had to be pretty quick on his feet. The turnover in platoon commanders in the infantry is high. Ask any doughie.

As I said, it almost worked, because that sniper had a strong enough position, as we found out later, to live through that fire and get away behind the trees. The idea just about the same time the lieutenant died, and he was officer hungry, as we all knew. Anyway, he let fly.

Sawyer was sound. He sort of crumpled down over his own feet and then fell over sideways. He had taken one step too many, it looked like. When he fell, his head hit the ground. He had a neck hole in me. There was a nice, neat hole in it, just over the right ear.

Well, we cleaned up the sniper and the rest of the town, and we didn't have too trouble at all, and then we started on those hills again. For a long time, the guys had plenty to talk about.

THE END

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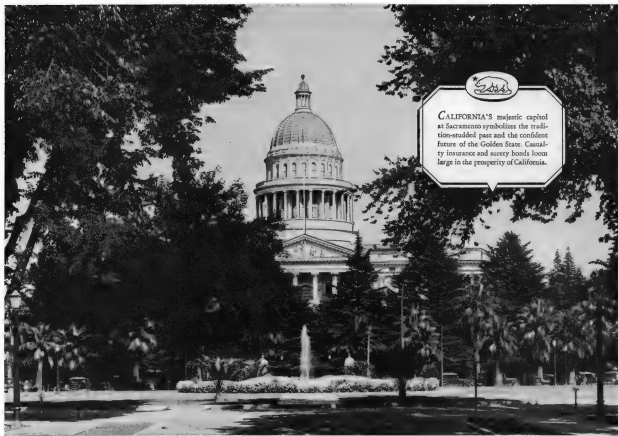
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The Drys Try Again

Continued from page 15

As a dry leader Sam Morris probably will never attain the stature of Wayne H. Wheeler, Andrew J. Volstead or Senator Morris Sheppard, because he doesn't appear to possess sufficient executive or administrative ability. But in his own field he is sure-jenny, and promises to remain so. William Jennings Bryan, Billy Sunday, Richmond Pearson Hobson, and the rest of the famous evangelists whose oratorical thunders ushered in prohibition never dreamed of reaching an audience as large as Brother Morris'.

For he, on the radio, and the very organizations which are backing him will see that he stays on. For fifteen minutes every day he broadcasts a prohibition message over WHAS, in Louisville, another 50,000-watt outlet in Shreveport, La., and a third of the same power in Corpus Christi, Texas. Surveys made by the brewing industry in Missouri and Arkansas indicate that at least 25 per cent of the populations of those states tune in on his broadcast every day. His coverage in Texas, Kentucky, Mississippi, Louisiana and other Southern states is much greater; in many sections it is virtually 100 per cent of those possessing radio sets.

Amazing Result of a Broadcast

Occasionally Brother Morris is heard on a coast-to-coast network. After a CBS speech in January, 1944, on Prohibition and the War, he received letters requesting a total of 250,000 copies of the broadcast. His message was also printed in the Congressional Record and in numerous temperance papers and magazines, published in pamphlet form, repeated by scores of prohibition propagandists over local radio stations, and quoted from hundreds of pulpits. All told, approximately 750,000 copies of the speech were distributed as a result of the one broadcast.

Brother Morris usually broadcasts from October to April, devoting the summers to lecture tours. But his present contract with WHAS runs until next September 28th, and he will probably remain on the air until then. According to himself and his supporters, Brother Morris' broadcasts and lecture tours, which are unquestionably expensive, are financed by voluntary contributions, collections taken up at his meetings, and the proceeds from the sale of his books.

His written works now number almost 20 volumes, and are mostly compilations of his lectures, and collections of poems, wise sayings, medical testimony, and other standard dry propagandist material. They bear such titles as *Wine, Women and Song*, *Slaves of the Bottle*, *The Trail of the Serpent*, *Worms Under the Bark*, and *The Wood of the Wine Cup*. The latter includes his famous lecture, *Rats in the Brewery Vats*, which he claims "has been used by God to turn hundreds of people and even whole families from drinking beer."

Although Brother Morris is a college graduate with degrees from Brown and Hardin-Simmons universities, he has cultivated a folksy, down-to-earth manner of speaking, and opens every broadcast and speech with "Howdy, Neighbors." In common with the great dry evangelists who preceded him, he ties together prohibition and religion; he preaches vehemently that drinking liquor, except on orders of a physician, is mortal sin, forbidden by God.

Over and over again he hammered away at the sure-fire old stand-by that alcohol drunkards use for pleasure, in however small quantities. It does irreparable damage to the human body. "If you want to commit suicide," he says, "shoot yourself, hang yourself, jump off in the creek, or turn on the gas. But don't die by slow degrees as you rot your kidneys, harden your liver, croup dropsy, fraternize with Bright's disease, and make love to rheumatism by drinking beer." Curiously enough, this description of the horrific fate

of a beer drinker is usually greeted with great laughter and shouts of "Amen!"

The average American citizen realizes neither the vast extent of the dry crusade nor its increasing effectiveness. According to the latest Gallup poll, in December, 1945, 33 per cent of the voters in America would vote for the return of prohibition. There are three states—Kansas, Oklahoma and Mississippi—which are wholly dry as far as wines and hard liquor are concerned, although in some sections the sale of 3.2 per cent beer is permitted.

Incidentally, these states have some very curious liquor laws. In Mississippi, for instance, the state collects from bootleggers under the guise of a black-market tax (Collier's, November 24, 1945), while in Kansas, law-enforcement officers receive bonuses ranging from \$25 to \$200 for convicting liquor sellers or confiscating automobiles containing liquor. (There are no bonuses for murder, robbery, rape or arson convictions.) Despite these and other laws, the situation in Kansas is comparable to that in Chicago during the great days of the Noble Experiment.

About a third of the country's more than 3,000 counties, with a total population of approximately 26,000,000, have voted dry in local option elections. Most of them are in the South, but there are dry counties elsewhere, too: 24 in Minnesota, for example, while Maine is 30 per cent dry and Vermont 38 per cent. And in several states there are dry areas within wet counties. In Illinois, there is but one dry county, but scattered through the state are more than 1,000 dry towns, townships and voting precincts, including 130 in Chicago. In Pennsylvania there are 550 dry towns; in Wisconsin, 350; in New York, 60; and

New Jersey, New York or Ohio is likely to pass such legislation. In fact, traffic in opium is pending in at least half of the state legislatures; in New York, for example, there are six or more. Half a dozen such measures have been introduced in Congress. But in dry circles there is little talk at present of a Constitutional amendment. Efforts may be made to put one through Congress, but it is doubtful whether the fight will be in the nature of a diversion; only the most violent prohibitionists think it would have any chance of passage. A large majority of the most important dry leaders believe that it will take at least five years, and possibly ten, to educate the American people to the point where sufficient support could be obtained for the enactment of such an amendment.

The strategy of the Drys now is to infiltrate into the states, and into selected Congressional districts, by means of local options in counties and in even smaller governmental units. This year they may go after larger game. Reports from Indiana indicate that they will take a hand in the Congressional elections there next fall, and will try to defeat any candidate who refuses to come out against liquor.

Total War on Liquor Traffic

And the ultimate aim of all this political activity and propaganda is prohibition, not temperance. Dry leaders say so constantly, and it was clearly stated in a resolution adopted by the National Temperance and Prohibition Council, which comprises 28 of the largest and most powerful of the national dry organizations, at its annual meeting in Washington a few months ago:

"That the Council reaffirm our belief in the ultimate elimination of the whole liquor traffic."

The number of dry organizations in the United States is so great that in all likelihood, an accurate count would be impossible. There are literally thousands, and new ones are constantly appearing in the field. Of these the most important is the National Temperance Movement, which was set up in


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Keeps others off
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Protect plants from sucking and chewing insects, fungus diseases. At dealers or direct. "Garden Evening" folder FREE!

Hammond Paint & Chemical Co

Chicago in 1944, by representatives of various state and national groups.

Providence is officially described as an "information center for Drys of every race, creed and color who are in search of help in the battle against drink evils . . . for organization work, for local option campaigns, for getting high-voltage speakers, for effective literature, for counsel on legal problems, and for any other assistance that an efficiently organized temperance agency may be expected to furnish to Christian workers."

Commenting on the new organization, a dry magazine said that "NTM disavows any proprietary attitude in respect to the beverage alcohol problem. God is the proprietor of the temperance movement, and NTM is His servant."

There is a report, largely discredited, that the National Temperance Movement grew out of a split between the Anti-Saloon League of America and the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. In some dry circles the League was sharply criticized for refusing to support the bill introduced in Congress by Representative Joseph R. Bryson of South Carolina, providing for wartime prohibition.

The Anti-Saloon League said officially that it "has not altered its belief that the people will ultimately adopt prohibition as the best solution to the liquor problem. But prohibition should be attained through democratic processes with the people back of it in substantial majorities. In our judgment, the country is not ready for national prohibition."

If a schism really exists within the dry ranks, or if one should develop, it may bring the National Temperance Movement into conflict with the National Temperance and Prohibition Council. The Council is the great co-ordinating agency of the dry crusade. It speaks with power and authority on all phases of the liquor question. It exerts pressure on the highest governmental levels whenever necessary. In the current dry set-up it holds much the same position that The Methodist Board of Temperance held in 1919.

The annual budgets of American dry organizations range from a few hundred dollars to well over a hundred thousand, and probably total a couple of million. All this money is obtained, as far as anyone knows, by voluntary contributions, dues, and the sale of propaganda material. The active membership of the dry groups also runs into the millions. The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union alone has more than 10,000 branches, besides its subsidiary organizations for children, with approximately 500,000 members, all paying dues and all working for the dry cause.

Every Methodist church in the country is

in effect a branch of the Methodist Board of Temperance, which has its headquarters in Washington, and all contribute to its support. This is probably the most powerful and most lavishly financed dry organization in the United States. The Anti-Saloon League has branches in nearly every state, and so has the Business Men's Research Foundation, a "fact-finding" dry organization with headquarters in Chicago. There is scarcely a Protestant congregation in the United States which doesn't support at least one temperance society.

Most of the national organizations, and many of the state and local groups as well, issue weekly or monthly periodicals and bulletins. A considerable number operate publishing houses, or have publishing connections, which enable them to turn out enormous quantities of propaganda material. The Methodists, for example, run one of the largest publishing concerns in the world.

Floods of Temperance Material

The W.C.T.U. publishes half a dozen weekly and monthly papers. It also distributes leaflets, booklets, posters, charts, moving pictures, projectors, lantern slides, placards, blotters and cards with dry slogans printed on them, sheets and cards for coloring, post cards, books, emblems, flags, pictures and biographies of famous W.C.T.U. women, plays and playlets, organizing packets, medical and other exhibits, medals, publicity handbooks, radio material, and many other things besides.

Some groups concentrate on certain types of material. The Business Men's Research Foundation, which operates a publishing house in Kentucky, recently started a campaign "to reach from 5,000 to 10,000 new towns in the United States with our free mat service." This service consists of material designed to answer liquor advertising. The Foundation also offers for sale a line of books, posters, pamphlets and graphs. One of its big sellers is a six-page pamphlet called Final Secret of Pearl Harbor, which purports to prove that the real cause of the disaster of December 7, 1941, was excessive drinking by members of the armed forces stationed in Honolulu.

A great deal of dry propaganda is distributed with the co-operation of state and local governments. Every state has laws providing for compulsory education on alcohol, and many of these educational programs are handled exclusively by W.C.T.U. leaders, who compile and furnish the material. In 18 states special days are set aside by law on which are commemorated the life and works of Frances E. Willard, founder of the W.C.T.U. and the most noted prohibitionist in American history. These celebrations of-

Moduflow
is more than human

Says **ROBERT GRANT WALSH**
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI
March 9, 1948

Mr. Walter Anderson
Honeywell-Hornell Regulator Company
4000 Commerce Avenue
St. Louis 10, Missouri

Dear Mr. Anderson:

Relative to the Moduflow system you installed in my home at 1007 Riverside Boulevard, my best explanation of the workings of this great instrument is that "it is more than human."

Elimination of drafts and blasts of air from the register has been particularly noted as one of the great features of this system. In closing the season of time the furnace is on, I note that it has definitely improved the efficiency of the heating plant and has decreased the cost of heating. It will be interesting to total up the bills for fuel at the end of the period to note the saving in fuel.

I am unhesitatingly giving my endorsement to the Moduflow as being the greatest thing to be marketed as providing ideal heating temperatures.

Yours very truly,
Robert Grant Walsh
Robert Grant Walsh

If your home, like the Walsh's, is afflicted with drafts and up-and-down temperatures, better investigate Moduflow. For Moduflow operates on an entirely different principle from ordinary "on-and-off" control systems. It supplies heat continuously as whenever temperature is required to keep the rooms comfortable in all kinds of weather. And, because heat is continuously supplied, cold air doesn't have a chance to pile up on the floor.

Best of all, Moduflow can be easily and inexpensively installed on your present automatic heating system. You don't have to wait until you build a new home.

Of course, if you are planning to build, you will want to have the ultimate in heating comfort. So, get the complete story of Moduflow. Mail the coupon today for your free copy of Honeywell's brand new booklet, "Comfort Unlimited . . . with Moduflow."

* MODUFLOW is the name of Honeywell's newest heating control system. It means *modulated heat* with a continuous flow. Moduflow will be a "must" in the home, houses and apartments of tomorrow.

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For positive protection, seal the valve mouth with a Schrader Air-Tight Cap. Schrader Caps help make tires last longer.

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for unsurpassed opportunities for the dissemination of dry propaganda.

Several of the most ardent dry agitators, headed by the Business Men's Research Foundation, the National Temperance and Prohibition Council and, of course, Brother Sam Morris, are now engaged in a vigorous campaign to rid the country of liquor advertising. In a bulletin endorsing the campaign, the Church Federation of Greater Chicago said that advertising was "the greatest medium through which the alcoholic beverage business 'sells' its false propaganda of subterfuge, suggestion, innuendo, falsehoods and half truths." It is this propaganda, the bulletin said, which enables the liquor traffic to "mislead the public into tolerating its existence."

The fight began a little more than a year ago when Henry M. Johnson, of the Research Foundation, sent questionnaires to hundreds of newspapers, magazines and radio stations throughout the country, asking whether they would accept liquor or beer advertising. As the replies came in, the Drys began to apply pressure. They went after radio first. Broadcasting in Chicago began to receive great numbers of letters and telegrams denouncing them for spreading wet propaganda, and demanding that whenever a commercial beer or liquor program was broadcast, equal time be given to a prohibition propaganda.

Dry businessmen threatened to cancel their radio shows. Letters were sent to members of Congress.

The Anti-Saloon League of New York, and similar organizations in other states, sent out thousands of copies of an instruction leaflet. "Write one letter yourself to each broadcasting company," it said. "Urges at least three persons to write a letter each. Urge these three persons to get at least as many more to write. Pastors and group leaders, urge the members of your churches and groups to write as here suggested. Send for these leaflets."

Down in Texas, Brother Sam Morris began shooting, aiming specifically at stations WFAA and KRLD in Dallas. When the matter of renewing the license of the latter station came up before the Federal Communications Commission, Brother Morris and Henry M. Johnson attended the hearing and filed a long brief in opposition, praying that KRLD be denied the privilege of "continuing its illegal, unfair and pernicious policy of selling extensive and the choicest radio time on the people's radio spectrum for broadcasts counseling the drinking of alcoholic liquors..." and refusing to sell equal choice time, or any time whatever, for the designated representatives of millions of people of Texas and the United States who desire to have messages broadcast which counsel the abstinence from the drinking of such alcoholic beverages."

Station KRLD held out and the matter is still pending. But according to Mr. Johnson, WFAA capitulated, agreeing to cancel all programs advertising liquor, and to adopt a policy of considering all discussions of the wet-dry issue as a controversial public question. It promised to make equal time available to both sides in the future.

A Drive Against Alcoholic Ads

While Brother Morris was bringing down station WFAA, and congressmen and other broadcasters were rocking under the barrage of letters and telegrams, down in St. Louis, an idea popped into the very dry mind of David M. Doonan, member of the Methodist Board of Temperance and a former Pittsburgh manufacturer. Mr. Doonan originated a new type of "Liquor Ad Crusade," and launched it in a report to the St. Louis Annual Conference of the Methodist Church last October. He designed two stickers, one reading, "I Didn't Like This Ad in My Paper!" the other reading, "Liquor Ads Must Go!" He proposed that Drys everywhere paste the stickers on liquor advertisements and send them in to the editors of the magazines and newspapers in which the ads had appeared.

The Conference endorsed Mr. Doonan's

scheme with great enthusiasm, and Mr. Doonan prepared a booklet of instructions, in which he offered to sell the stickers to whoever wanted them at the manufacturing cost of 25 cents a thousand. The crusade officially began on International Sunday School Temperance Sunday, last January 21st, which the Drys called "Atomic Bomb Day." According to dry leaders, it has been a tremendous success; it has been endorsed by church and temperance organizations in nearly 40 states, and almost 5,000,000 stickers have been distributed.

But the liquor interests, which keep a close watch upon all such activities, say that the crusade has been pretty much of a flop. Comparatively few ads with stickers on them have been received, they say, and a large percentage of those that have been received obviously sent by gagsters, as the stickers were pasted to ads that had no connection with liquor.

The basic theme of all dry propaganda and of all dry activity is that prohibition was successful and that God wants the American people to bring it back. "Prohibition worked!" cries Brother Sam Morris in one of his lectures. "We did it then! Let's do it again!" During one of the local option campaigns in Kentucky, a full-page ad in a local newspaper gave this dry picture of prohibition:

"We could eat in any restaurant and not

them. When the devout dry fights liquor, he is fighting the devil, and it is unreasonable to expect him not to seize every possible advantage.

The liquor interests aren't doing very much to counteract the propaganda of the Drys, for the simple reason that there is very little they can do. Up to a point, they must let the Drys fight their battle, for the reputable liquor manufacturer or seller would be among the first to admit that excessive drinking is harmful. But on the other hand good business practice makes him try to sell at least enough liquor to earn a profit on his business.

Two Viewpoints of One Movie

This works out in curious ways. Both Wetts and Drys, for instance, have helped promote the movie, *The Lost Weekend*. Several distillers have published advertisements suggesting that the public see the picture and learn from it the lesson of sensible drinking. Nearly all of the dry organizations have also recommended the picture, because to them it shows what will probably happen, in the long run, to anyone so foolish as to drink even one slug of liquor.

There is no question that the liquor business today is in better business, generally speaking, than before prohibition. In part this may be due to the stringent state laws.



be sickened by smelly drunks. We saw no liquor in grocery stores, hot-dog stands or drugstores. No crime-breeding open saloons debauched the community. No window displays enticed liquor signs cluttered up the highways to tempt our youth. No liquor forced its way into our homes through alluring pictures and outrageous statements in the magazines and newspapers. No brilliantly colored lights coaxed us into drink. No silly blatant beer radio programs invaded our family circle. Women and children were safe on our streets. Drunks were seldom seen. No beer trucks crowded us off the road. We want prohibition back."

There are millions of people in the United States who regard that as a true picture of prohibition. They simply do not believe, and never have believed, that prohibition was actually compounded of bootlegging and newspapers. No brilliantly colored lights coaxed us into drink. No silly blatant beer radio programs invaded our family circle. Women and children were safe on our streets. Drunks were seldom seen. No beer trucks crowded us off the road. We want prohibition back."

And in that conviction can be found the basic reason why the Drys frequently make statements that are fantastically untrue, spread false rumors, denounce liquor dealers as enemies of God, and never hesitate to blast anyone who publicly disagrees with

In some states where liquor is legal, it cannot be sold over bars; in others it can only be sold when food is sold at the same time; in still others, it can only be bought by the bottle, at state-owned stores. In the main, reputable liquor manufacturers and dealers obey the laws, and they are trying to see to it that their fellows do the same. Within the past few years the bootlegging industry particularly has made great progress in the matter of law observance by instituting a system of state committees, which carry on a threefold program of "co-operation in law enforcement, industry education in law observance, and public education in the values of legal beer." Each of these committees makes periodic checks of taverns and other retail outlets in its territory. If a beer seller gets out of line, his supplies are cut off. If he tries to bring in bootleg beer from outside the territory, the committee assists in prosecuting him for violating the law.

Leaders of the liquor traffic have frequently expressed themselves in favor of such regulation as governmental bodies think necessary. But the Drys will have none of it.

"Regulate the liquor traffic!" cries Brother Sam Morris. "Yes! Regulate it like you'd regulate a rattlesnake! Cut its head off! Trample it in the dust!"



Ever see a suit that cost \$170?

The custom-made suit in the picture is priced at \$170. A master tailor created it . . . skilled hands fashioned it from the finest imported worsted flannel. His individual artistry is in every line . . . in the fit around the shoulders . . . in the perfect proportion and balance . . . in the hand-stitching. Every quality detail is the finest, including the slide fastener in the trousers. Naturally, it's a Talon slide fastener . . . flat and flexible to permit truly fine tailoring at the fly . . . durable and long-lasting . . . made by the firm that pioneered the slide fastener. It almost seems a miracle that this Talon slide fastener, a quality feature in \$170 suits, is so inexpensive that you can also enjoy it in ready-to-wear suits selling for \$20. Talon, Inc., Meadville, Pa.

\$170 suit or \$20 suit, the Talon slide fastener adds extra value to each

Talon

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THE QUALITY SLIDE FASTENER



YOU can't miss it, darling," Janice said, "Just east of Fifth on Forty-fourth. Chez Yvette is the name." Steve Olcott put on his hat and swung around from the foyer mirror. "Janny!" he said reproachfully. "Not one of those ritzy little women's shops? You wouldn't put me through an ordeal like that?" Janny gave her low sweet laugh. "It's for your own good, darling. I want to get a perfume that appeals to you."

"Then why not get some more of that stuff you had—Passion or something?" "Passionné." She wrinkled her nose, smiling. "Such improbable names they pick! . . . Because we can't afford it right now, Steve. This *Nuit d'Orléans* I want to try is cheaper and really very nice. Won't you go in and see if you like it?"

"As if you didn't know I would," Olcott said resignedly. He got out his pencil and an old envelope. "What was it again, sweet?"

"*Nuit d'Orléans*," Janny spelled it out phonetically. "Means Night of Revelry." She chuckled suddenly at the quirk of his lips: "From passion to revelry! I'm an abandoned woman, darling."

Olcott located Chez Yvette without trouble on his way home that evening. He went in, with diffidence, and found himself in a kind of temple. Crystal and burnished metal gleamed warmly in a subdued amber light and the incense of mingled fragrances hung heavy in the close air. Uncomfortably aware of his masculinity, he watched a shapely vestal emerge from some holy-of-holies at the rear and float toward him languidly.

"I understand," he said to inquiring eyebrows, "that you stock a perfume called . . . *Noctes Dorees*?" "Nuit d'Orléans," the saleslady's tone was faintly diverted. "Yes, sir. In the small or large size?"

Olcott colored. "I'd like to sm— to try it, please."

"Certainly, sir." She left him and returned with a slab of ebony holding half a dozen slender phials in gold filigree sockets. From one of them she took a long, rodlike stopper and handed it to him. "Piquant and distinctive, sir," she said. "And not too well known yet."

Olcott waved the glass rod under his nose, and fragrances heavy and musky, stole into his nostrils. Suddenly, disquietingly, a dormant memory stirred. Somewhere, sometime, he had smelled that same heady odor, not unpleasant in itself but because of some association it carried. . . . Something he had done. . . . Something wrong! The light of complete recognition flashed and he lived again his own sordid night of revelry. . . .

THAT afternoon, a month ago, when Benson had invited him to attend the opening of the Café Chloe, his first impulse had been to refuse; he cared even less for night life than he did for Benson, the office playboy. But it had been in the third week of Janny's absence at her mother's sickbed and he had been lonely, restless, at a loose end. Even the meretricious gaiety of a night club seemed better than sitting at home alone.

He had been on his fifth drink, pouring them down and achieving a kind of pensive mellowness, when Benson brought the two girls over to their table. Even so, he had sworn under his breath, Benson had made no mention of there being women in the party. For a time he had been no more than civil to the coquettish brunette who, Benson indicated, was to share his evening; but the drinks had kept coming and presently he had felt himself unbend and begin to respond to her advances. And the drinks had kept on coming. . . .

He had awakened early in the morning on his living-room divan, fully dressed yet chilled, his head one vast ache. Morning-after forebodings had rushed on him and he had lain with his eyes closed against the light, wondering with anxiety if he had actually done anything

to cause them. The law happened— the night before were obscured by an alcoholic haze, but single incidents had begun to emerge, silly incidents, perhaps, but none of them especially disgraceful. The amiable blond had formed; He and the brunette were sitting somewhere behind a row of potted palms. She was lying back in his arms, her lush mouth smeared against his, her heavy, musky perfume thick in his nostrils. And he was enjoying it! Reveling in it!

He had sat up then with a groan and laid his face in his hands. He thought of Janny—her clear, trusting eyes, the depth and purity of her love for him. What a dirty, cheap, two-timing, unworldly scoundrel he was! How was he ever to look her in the face again?

By the time the maid had got in: he had bathed, changed and drunk some. But coffee, he had been feeling better. But only physically. There had been no therapy to offer his aching conscience. If I could only tell Janny about it, he had thought. I know she would understand and forgive me. But at the same time he had imagined the pain in her eyes and had known that he could never seek peace of mind at the cost of hers.

OLCOTT became aware that the saleslady was eying him with curiosity. "Er—no," he said with embarrassment. "I'm sorry, but this isn't what I—I expected. What I'm looking for is something . . . fresher, more . . . more wholesome."

The saleslady pursed vermilion lips in thought. She left him again and came back with a single phial in an ornate holder. "This is a really fine perfume, sir," she said. "Very *recherché*."

Olcott accepted the stopper and sniffed at it. A picture of a country garden bright with flowers came before his eyes. Janny was there, her arms filled with blossoms, her face radiant in the sunlight. "Yes!" he said. "Yes! Just what I want. How much?"

"Thirty-five and fifty-five dollars, sir, small and large flacons."

Olcott hesitated. Money was a little tight with them since Benson's death, and ten or twelve dollars would have been about his limit. Still . . . He could cut down on lunches and cigars for a month. . . . And taxes? . . . "All right," he said. "The small flacon, please."

Janny rushed across the living room to meet him as he came in. "Darling!" She kissed him with the hungry ardor that always told him how long the day had been to her without him. "You're late!"

"A little." Smiling, Olcott let her draw him down on the divan. "I had an errand to do. Remember?" "Oh, yes—my perfume." She half turned, anticipation in her eyes. "What was the verdict?"

"I didn't like it, Janny. Miserable stuff." His voice deepened. "Cheap . . . rotten."

"Darling!" She laughed protestingly. "Not that bad, surely? A little heavier than I like, perhaps, but otherwise nice enough."

"Then you didn't get it?" "No, sweet. But I got something else. Something I thought was . . . just like you."

He took out the small package and held it on his palm. "This?"

"Stevie!" Janny's eager fingers stripped wrapper and container away. She unscrewed the tiny bottle and raised the stopper to her nose. "Oh, yes, yes, eyes half closed. 'Heavenly, darling! Simply delightful! . . . What is it?'"

Olcott shook his head, his face reflecting pleasure. "Doesn't it tell you on the bottle?"

Janny turned the bottle around. "Penitence," she read, "par Douce!" She gave a little amused chuckle and looked up at him, her eyes full of love and confidence. "Penitence," she said. "After Night of Revelry . . . Darling, that's wonderful! It's just what I wanted."

"Darling!" Janny rushed to meet him as he came in. She kissed him with the hungry ardor that always told him how long the day had been to her without him.

Penitence

BY JOHN TAIT

A short short story complete on this page

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The Long Denial

Continued from page 23

Dr. Bassington cleared his throat. "I suspected last night that Miss Marylyn's family should be informed of her condition. I don't think any of her relatives have arrived," he said, and looked in turn at each one of the three men.

"I don't think that of any family," Luke said. "Marylyn always seemed as unattached as a squirrel."

"That may be so; but there is this little formality, you see. As the patient herself is unconscious, someone will have to sign this little release for us," Dr. Bassington produced a blank out of nowhere and pushed it out on the table.

"All right, let's get it over with," said Luke, bringing out his fountain pen.

"Just a moment," said Corbett. "I think we should ask Sidney Corp first whether any of Marylyn's relatives can be reached."

"Why should he know more about Marylyn's family than I do?" Luke said impatiently. "He wasn't married to her, was he?"

HUYSMANS felt he had been left out of the proceedings too long. "I remember that Marylyn once mentioned that her grandfather had been a sea captain. Of course, I have no idea whether the old gentleman is still alive," he said; but Corbett had already gone out and returned with Sid, who looked more flustered and unhappy by the minute.

"The only person who really knows anything about Marylyn is Pokey. If anything had to be signed for Marylyn, Pokey had a power of attorney to do it. But as long as the police are holding Pokey," Sid said fumblingly; but Luke had had enough by now.

"I hate to leave Pokey out here," Tim's going to sign. After all, I'm Marylyn's husband."

"You mean you were—but you aren't now," Corbett broke in.

"No, quit it, Dale. You know as well as I do—" Luke shouted, but he was stopped by Huysmans' measured voice.

"I suppose that it will be up to me to sign this form and take full responsibility for the operation," the publisher said. "After all, it was I who asked Meredith to come here and risk the operation. Also, I am the one to meet all financial obligations. Therefore—"

"Sorry, Alan, but there you're mistaken," Corbett protested angrily. "I don't think Marylyn would like us to put this on you, and I am sure that if she recovers, as we all hope she will, she'll take care of the financial side herself. In the meantime, I, as her best friend and her lawyer, will sign the release."

Dr. Bassington's shortsighted eyes had jumped from one man to the next, trying to keep pace with the quickening argument. He sensed vaguely that there was more behind it than the simple necessity to put a signature on a document. However, his main interest was in the patient's romantic entanglements. Time was running out and the release had to be handed over before they put Marylyn on the table.

"Myope—this belongs to the publisher, Mr. Jordan's signature might do," he said tentatively.

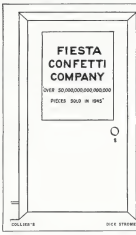
It was at this point that Dale Corbett let his emotions run away with him; he was one of the slips which caused his political friends so much trouble. It was the man Dale Corbett—an angry, jealous, and inattentive man—against the publisher, Tim Corbett. "I won't have Mr. Jordan put his name on something that might decide the life and death of Marylyn," he said, forcing himself not to shout. "It would be a farce, after everything he's done to her. Unfortunately, I have no legal authority to speak for Marylyn. It never occurred to me I would need such a document. But I might as well tell you here and now that Marylyn and I are engaged to be married. I dare say there is no one so close to her

as I am and that I am entitled to act for the future Mrs. Corbett."

At that moment the door to the adjoining room opened and the stretcher with its motionless, white-sheeted cargo was wheeled out. A silence fell over the room, so deep and so sudden that it was almost like the silence at a funeral when the coffin is carried past. Miss Corbets followed the little procession, and behind her came the little blue-gowned nurses' aide, looking important yet flustered. Then they were gone, and Corbett had in the meantime signed the release. Dr. Bassington folded it up and shoved it into the pocket of his white coat. He avoided looking at the three men, who all seemed paler than they had a few minutes before. "If you'd care for some coffee while you're waiting, you may ask at the reception desk for it," he muttered as he went to the door.

Luke Jordan caught up with him before he was gone. "Doctor Bassington, we can't let Marylyn die. Do you hear me? We simply can't let her die," he said fiercely; it sounded like a threat.

Sid Corp was at Luke's side. "Take it easy, Luke," he said while his own wretched stomach began riding on a merry-go-round



once more. Then time stopped moving, as it always does in such hours, and each of the men thought of his best moments with Marylyn.

For Huysmans it had been the day he took Marylyn sailing. He saw her again like the figurehead of a clipper ship, braced against the wind which sculptured every line of her body, laughing, her hair and face polished by the moisture of the spray. It had been one of the vibrant, thrilling, preciously rare moments in a middle-aged man's life when the mere sight of the woman he loves makes him feel strong and young. It should be a moment that made him dream of a whole crop of future sons and daughters, with Marylyn the mother of them all.

Dale Corbett remembered a certain evening when he had taken her to the Chambers for dinner. She had worn a white sleeveless dress fastened at the neck with one enormous aquamarine, and he had admired the nonchalance with which she permitted the *maître* to hang her sable cape over the back of her chair. At that moment he had felt that Marylyn was the greatest lady in the country; and when she permitted him on the way home to kiss her, he also felt that nothing could stop him from becoming the greatest man in the United States.

But what Luke Jordan remembered most was Marylyn's hand as she pulled him be-

fore the curtain after the opening of his first musical. It was a trembling hand, dirty with stage dust and slippery with the sweat of excitement. When the curtain came down after more than twenty calls, Marylyn had thrown herself against him with the force of a young hurricane, crying all out of voice: "We did it, Luke. We did it. You and I, we two together, we did it!"

Such were the images the three men carried with them always, and which they remembered again while Marylyn went under the knife.

After an interminable interval, the door opened and the little nurses' aide came. The three men held their breath, and Huysmans was for a moment afraid his heart would fall right then and there. "This way, please," the girl said, holding the door open; but it was not the stretcher with Marylyn returning from the operating room.

It was a young man whom none of them had ever seen before. He was about thirty years old and had a pleasant, open face. His skin was untanned, and beads of perspiration trickled from his forehead. He wore a blue suit that seemed somewhat tight over his muscular shoulders—the sort of suit boys' mothers had put away when their sons became soldiers and which, after the war, were a bit outgrown but still too good to be thrown away.

"Yes?" Corbett said to the stranger.

"I'm Lee Crenshaw," the newcomer said. He smiled shyly at each of them, although an expression of bewilderment showed on his face. He stood there for a moment and then he showed Mr. Huysmans' hat and came aside and let himself drop onto the rotten chair. "Mind if I sit down?" he asked. Huysmans scrutinized him with raised eyebrows. Luke paid no attention. Dale Corbett repeated: "Lee Crenshaw?"

"Yes, Lee Crenshaw," said the stranger. "I'm the husband."

IT WAS half past eight in the morning when Miss Pokey was brought into Fowler's office. "Well, did you rest a little?" he asked. He himself had been at work for several hours, questioning Jordan, Corp, and Corbett, sorting out and piecing together the material the investigation had produced so far. Now he was expecting a call from Sergeant Felgelbaum, who was left at the hospital with orders to report at once if Marylyn died during the operation, or else as soon as her condition improved enough to permit a brief interrogation. Among the files on his desk, Best noticed the scrapbook she had begun passing together at the beginning of Marylyn's career. It was opened to the first page, and Best recognized the silly snapshot an itinerant photographer had taken of them in front of the Madeleine.

Now then, let's go back to where we stopped last night," Fowler said pleasantly. "You went to Paris. What happened there?"

"Nothing. We used up every nickel of my money and then we came back home."

"Why did you go there in the first place?"

Yes, why? thought Best. Mostly because all her daydreams had always started with a trip to France. But also to get away from it all, away from getting hurt. All the time away from Luke. All her life Best carried a little banner with her which she secretly unfurled at critical moments. Let's be reasonable about this! was inscribed on this invisible little flag. Well, it hadn't turned out that way.

"I told Marylyn to Paris because it was good for her," she said. "I couldn't give her an education, but at least I could give her a veneer."

"And she didn't?"

"Plenty," said Best. There was contempt but also pride in the word.

Fowler pushed the scrapbook toward



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Poker, but you're acting very stupidly. If you don't want us to suspect a mystery, you've got to stop being mysterious. As long as you refuse to talk—

"But I don't refuse, Inspector. It's just—I'm not used to talking about myself," Bess cried. "I'll tell you anything you ask me; but leave Luke out of this. Believe me—I did it, and I'm taking the consequences. That's all."

"Now then," Fowler said, relaxing contentedly after the short flare-up, "how did you make Marylyn?"

"I just kept pushing her for all she was worth. From her name down to the color of her hair polish, she's my creation."

"And Marylyn—did she just let herself be pushed?"

"She knew what was good for her."

"Yes? But did you always know it?"

"Of course. Look at the success I made of her."

"With a bullet in her heart as a climax. You created her and you destroyed her, is that it? Why do you hate her so?"

"But I don't, Inspector. Believe me—I don't. I might as well hate myself."

"Well—don't you?" Fowler asked. Bess closed her eyes under the blow.

"I don't know. Since last night, I don't know anything. I was sure that everything I ever did for Marylyn was to her advantage. But maybe I was wrong. Maybe I was terribly wrong all the time," she said at last. She was very pale now, trembling uncontrollably. "Maybe I did everything wrong from the beginning. Maybe I should have given her thirty dollars bus fare the day I met her and sent her back to Blythe, Chicago. Maybe that's all she was meant for. Maybe that's all she ever really wanted: go home, get married, have a couple of kids and a pink dress and chaise curtains from the five-and-ten. Maybe if I had listened to Jack, this terrible thing would never have happened."

Fowler grew tense as a pointing bird dog. "Who is Jack? What's his secret name?"

"I don't know. A boy Marylyn had known in Blythe. I saw him only once in my life. Come to think of it, I probably wouldn't have made a success of Marylyn if he hadn't shown up that night."

"What night?"

"Eight years ago. The night we opened at the Club Pigalle."

THE Club Pigalle had been a garage on East Fifty-fifth Street before Candescu took it over and turned it into one of the most fashionable and exclusive night spots of the late thirties. He had chicken-breasted Montmartre houses painted on the brick walls, with painted women under painted lampstands, and painted dogs sniffing at painted trees. Everything was more French than the French themselves. The waiters from Brooklyn had to be trained to understand a word of English, and the same post-soup cafeteria down the street sold for a dime what Vichyssoise and cost a dollar a plate. Candescu was a shrewd, shrewd-looking little man from the Balkans, who looked like a pregnant woman. Three months before opening the club, he began an expensive press campaign. Bess gave him the idea: to get Marylyn a spot in that Club Pigalle. It's our one chance."

"Why the Pigalle?"

"Because it's a phony—and so is Marylyn."

"Okay," Luke said. "Go talk to Sid." During his apprenticeship as an office boy at Grayson, Caldwell & Grayson, Sid Carp had soaked up a certain amount of the great American native art of copywriting and related crafts, and now was a fledgling press agent in search of clients.

"Sid, my boy, I'm stone broke and can't pay you a nickel now," Bess told him, "but if you can maneuver Candescu into giving Marylyn a spot in his floor show, I'll give you a fat bonus plus your commission."

Sid gave a sigh. "That's a big order, Miss Puss," he said. "The name of Sid Carp, my boy. Grayson, Jr., had attached to her in the old days; take a letter, Miss Puss, do me a

favor, Pokerface, ask Popsy what to do. Even in school no one had called her Bess; that was one of the reasons why Bess insisted on launching Marylyn with nothing but a first name. As for Sid, he had just married the loveliest girl in the world, a fat bonus was exactly what he needed most, and he accepted the questionable assignment with a fair amount of enthusiasm.

"But we've got to be clever about it," Bess explained. "I've learned my lesson; no more standing in line for Marylyn, no more begging for an audition. Candescu is the one who must do the begging. We'll put a French label on her and sell her as a French import. I'll hide Marylyn, and you chase Candescu into discovering her."

Little Sid was well liked on Broadway for his helpless air of a babe lost in the woods. While his friends pined him for being a born sucker, little Sid managed to drop hints and clues at all the right places and rope everybody in as an unwitting accessory to his scheme. Marylyn's name began to pop up in the gossip columns together with the rumor that the Duke of Windsor had called her superb.

Candescu swallowed the bait. And if he had his doubts about Marylyn's authenticity, he was too clever to make them known. He gave her a contract with an outrageously low salary, but a formidable

work, went over to Marylyn and gently pushed her chin up with her knuckles. "She does, does she?"

"Yes. Sometimes she cries half the night." Bess quickly sat next to Marylyn and put her arms around her. It was one of the moments when, in the midst of all the driving and punching and the hard labor of forming Marylyn into the shape of her own dreams, Bess was overcome by a great fondness for the girl. And it was at such moments too, that she herself felt ten times older and uglier.

"Don't you think Emily's just having a little stage fright?" she said softly.

"I guess so. And she is such a lonesome little doll—ain't you, Emily?"

"I promise you, if you make good at the Club Pigalle, you'll have more company than you've ever dreamed of," Bess concluded and returned to writing addresses.

THREE hours before the Club Pigalle opened, it was all chaos—unfinished walls, wet paint, scaffolding, dirt and debris. But at the vital hour, it emerged miraculously as a place full of atmosphere and gay warmth. Bess caught a glimpse of the crowd every time a waiter passed through, the swinging door behind which she had posted herself. There it was, all she had ever wanted—the glimmer of jewels and se-



"Little gentlemen don't hit little girls"

COLLIER'S

build-up. In the weeks before the opening, Luke pounded three numbers into Marylyn, and she was docile and obedient like a well-trained monkey. Whenever she was presented in public during that time of preparation, she talked and acted as French as French can be, and seemed to derive an endless amount of fun from it.

In their little room, Bess would look up from the stacks of addresses she was writing for a living and find Marylyn sewing bits of fabric scraps of silk. "What are you doing there? Knitting tiny garments?" Bess said nervously. Every horse line of her face stuck out still harder and sharper during these weeks of tension, for everything depended on the outcome of that opening—and, moreover, Bess' diet was limited in order to keep Marylyn sleek and shiny.

"It's going to be an evening dress for Emily," Marylyn answered.

"For heaven's sake! What does she need an evening dress for?"

"I'll have her in my dressing room, won't I? She's got to have that French *je ne sais quoi*, too."

"Say, that's not a bad idea," Bess said approvingly, as she picked up a tiny linen square from the floor. "And what's this?"

"Drapery?"

"I'm knocking her a dozen handkerchiefs, handkerchiefs."

"You are a prize case of arrested development," Bess said irritably. "Well, she's not a bad idea, I'll give you a while," Marylyn said. It sounded so helplessly worldly that Bess put down her

quined dresses, the mingled scent of furs and flowers and powdered skin warm with dancing, the hum of bright conversations, the phantoms of smart-looking men around the crystal citadel of the circular bar, the names of celebrities on the cards of reserved tables. Here they were, the beautiful, the famous, the successful, the wealthy; here it was, a slice of that great, glorious, exciting, adventurous world for which she had forever hankered. Here it was, now at last within her reach; to grab, to conquer, to hold, to keep. If we lost out tonight I'll die, she thought. But what she said to Marylyn a few minutes later was: "If you set up down tonight, I'll kill you."

Marylyn was sneezing uncontrollably when Bess entered her dressing room. She was nervous as a grasshopper, sneezing in spurts and fits, and humming with stage fright, and covered with goose pimples. Suddenly all the happy excitement went out of Bess and she grew ice-cold. "Stop sneezing, stop sneezing, stop sneezing! You're making my blood run hysterical!" she commanded.

"I'm not hysterical. It's that damn smell of that damn' fresh paint. My voice is gone. And my stomach feels like crying out: you know how it is when you want to throw up and can't?"

But Marylyn looked wonderful in her Schiaparelli that matched the color of her eyes; she looked exactly as Bess had designed her—all young gold and aquamarine, skin darkly gleaming with the remembrance of sun and moon, her close-fitting gown against her rebellious stomach, and the doll stared at Bess, desperately debonair in her

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new formal. For the thousandth time Bess cursed herself for not being Marylynn. In a moment of great lucidity she realized that she was off on a trip through purgatory, forever having to borrow the other girl's face and body and voice and limp little talent if she herself wanted success. It was then that the look Marylynn's shivering shoulders in her hands and said: "If you let me down tonight, I'll kill you—so help me God."

But the last little second snapped. Bess began slapping sn-glow powder on Marylynn's arms, and Marylynn said petulantly, "Where's Luke keeping himself?"

"How should I know?"

"He went upstairs to get me a drink half an hour ago, and never came back."

"That's just like Luke," Bess said, and then she went out to the Club Pigalle.

The glomour of the Club Pigalle stopped immediately behind the doors leading backstage. Over the basement dressing rooms and on the winding stairs hovered a definite smell and aspect of old coal cellar, furnace room, and rattrap. Bess, a little dizzy with stage fright herself, was crawling up that winding, narrow, winding stair when a mysterious Greek waiter stopped her. "There's a gentleman wants to see Mademoiselle Marylynn," he said in his dockside French. Past the waiter Bess could see the gentleman who didn't look like a gentleman at all, but like a boy who simply didn't belong in the Club Pigalle. His shoulders were so broad that they filled the entire width of the staircase; his face looked unfinished; his hands were big; and the dirt of hard work had eaten into the skin around his nails. He was buttoned tightly in a blue graduation suit and looked slightly aggressive and ill at ease at the same time.

The boy was Jack.

"I'm sorry," Bess said, trying to brush past him. "Nobody can see Mademoiselle now."

"Oh sure, I can see her. Just go tell her it's Jack wants to talk to her," the boy said, blocking her way. The same evoked a small unpleasant sensation in Bess' mind, and a second later she remembered that Marylynn had mentioned him once or twice.

"Jack who?" she asked, to win time.

"Just Jack. Mary knows me. Just go and tell her."

"May I have your card? I'll give it to Mademoiselle after the show. But you definitely can't see Mademoiselle now."

"Mademoiselle—my arm! You can't kid me like those suckers out there with that phony parlor-vue. I suppose you're that Miss Poker Mary wrote me about."

"Oh—she wrote you?"

"Sure did. Regularly. Any objections?"

SHAKILY, the boy brought out a batch of letters and thrust them under Bess' eyes. Bess pushed them back. "Thanks, I'm not interested," she said coldly. She was angry at Marylynn for carrying on some silly sort of correspondence behind her back, and she also realized that the boy had whipped up his courage with a few drinks.

"Well, if she wrote you, you know how important this opening is for Marylynn. You don't want to make trouble for her, do you, Jack?" she said appealingly.

"You're darn' right I'll make trouble if you won't let me see the poor girl—not a friend in the world, and a person like you handling her as if she was a piece of juicy meat in a butcher shop. I know all about you! And if you think I'll just stand by and let Mary go to the dogs you're crazy. This life is awful," she wailed me. "I can't stand it," she says, "I'm not cut out for this sort of thing. Please, please, my darling Jack, come and take me home. Well, here I am, and no one is going to stop me. I'll get her out of here. I'll take her home, and if I have to wreck this whole joint to do it!"

Look at Elmer! Drunk as a fish, Bess thrust herself forward, trying to get him off the unpleasant little incident. The boy was shouting wild insults and threats into the dank air of the basement. He produced an amazing amount of noise and, while he was obviously drunk, Bess was

clearly that not all of his irrational excitement was caused by bourbon. It was the sort of craziness Marylynn set off in men whenever she chose it. A Luke Jordan would scrape up his little savings, come all the way across the continent, get drunk in some bar near the bus station and make an obnoxious row in some night-club basement.

JACK had reached the point where he threatened to break up the show, to tell the world who Marylynn was and where she came from, to show her off as the phony and fake this awful Poker woman was trying to make of her. Bess could see that he meant it. This wasn't funny any more. This stupid, infatuated, half-drunk boy, popping out of Mary Lynn's inferior and slightly stained past, could indeed wreck within a few minutes what she herself had built up with so much patience and self-sacrifice. At the top and the bottom of the stairs, people began to collect, partly amused and partly bewildered, to listen to the noise—one of the cooks, his big triangular knife in hand; an effeminate young man in the gas of an apache; the magician's cat in his levinette case, who was to open the show; and the slim brown Brazilian dancer from 172d Street. It was a desperate moment, and Bess hoped to God that Candace as well as Marylynn would be too preoccupied to appear on the scene.

"Shall I call Nick, Miss Poker?" an old waiter, gray with experience, asked behind her. Nick was a punch-drunk heavyweight in the costume of a French sailor, whom the Club Pigalle had hired as a de luxe bouncer. Jack heard the question, and it set him off on a final explosion. By now he was calling in the police, he was going to the newspapers and telling all, and he was breaking Poker's neck. She watched him with close attention. "Thanks, I think I can handle him alone," she said. And turning to Jack she added casually: "Stop hollering. Get cool and come along."

Surprisingly, Jack stopped hollering and came along. Probably he thought she would take him to Marylynn; but the door she opened led into the dim cubicle where the band kept their clothes and their instrument cases. "Now let's be sensible, Jack," she said. "You can blackmail me. But she knew that he could—he or any of the thousands of people who had known Mary Lynn. This was lightproof walking on a frayed rope which might break at any moment. A Ferris wheel of ideas began to turn dizzily in her mind. "I'll tell you what I'll do for you. You couldn't get a table in this place tonight if you plunked down a hundred dollars; but if you behave and be a nice boy I'll invite you to sit at my table. When the show is over you may talk to Marylynn."

She could look inside the boy's brain as if his skull were made of Lucite. He had by no means given in, but in his half-drunk way he thought he'd be very cunning by accepting her invitation. She made him straighten out his necktie and took him to the uninviting corner in front of the gent's room, where a long table was reserved for the performers and their entourage. As she planted him on a chair and excused herself for a minute or two, she felt as if she had just placed a time bomb in the Club Pigalle. It was ticking obstinately toward its final blast, and all she could do now was try to detach the fuse cap.

She found Luke, happily drinking with some of the performers around the bar and in his secondhand tobacco, looking smarter than any of them.

"Luke," she said, "there's trouble ahead. Let's do some fast thinking."

"Okay. Let's," said Luke. He put down his drink and followed her. . . .

Bess raised her eyes and met Inspector Fowler's eyes and had been resting on her expectancy. "I'm waiting for an answer, Miss Poker," he said with some sharpness.

"What answer, Inspector?"

" weren't you going to talk about Jack?"

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Put them all together —



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Just about *every one* has some individual point to get excited about — size, power, construction, ease of handling — and usually with pretty fair reason.

But when you're ready to lay good money on the line, remember what the car-wise say — put all these tempting features *together* — and they spell Buick.

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And what's floating this big beautiful baby over the cobbles? Mister, you're riding on all-coil Buick-type springing on a chassis with beef where it does the most good.

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All in all it's so easy to get hepped up over this Buick beauty you can soon find yourself selling the salesman.

Since that gains nothing, why not just settle by deciding "This year as usual — the smart buy's Buick!"

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"Ah, yes. I'm only trying to remember everything."

But Jack, in her memory, was shapeless and insignificant, like a pebble, one of the many annoying pebbles over which she had had to stumble.

"Jack thought he had some naivete value, but he was wrong," she said.

What she remembered most clearly of that opening night was the feeling of sheltered security that came to her while she went downstairs with Luke, as if he had wrapped her into a snug, warm blanket and carried her down the winding stairs in his arms. That's the funny thing about Luke, she thought; you'd think him crazy and absent-minded, utterly impractical, childish and unpredictable. Certainly, he is all that; but when you need him he is there. Yes—but where are you now, Luke? She thought with a great urgency. Where are you now when I need you more than I ever have before? "Did you arrest him?" she asked, suddenly cold with anxiety.

"Arrest whom? Jack?"

"Not Jack. Luke Jordan."

"Miss Foker," Fowler said sternly, "I want you to understand that we haven't arrested anyone up to now—not even you. We are holding you under suspicion, that's all, and we are at present not discussing Mr. Jordan but a certain Jack, whose full name you claim not to know. Now if you would co-operate . . ."

Bess co-operated. She pushed Luke out of her mind for the time being, and returned to Jack sitting with all the rigid dignity of an insulted drunk at that table in front of the gent's room. As she sat down next to Jack, the M.C. was just introducing the Brazilian dancer. Bess felt cold, like one of the many champagne bottles stuffed in their beds of ice, and the performance of the Brazilian dancer, the new gag with which the M.C. pumped his laughs from the audience, and the obscene little ditties the effeminate young apache flung nonchalantly around veined pieces cut from an involved dream. And then there was Marylyn, with Luke in her wake. The band put down their instruments, Luke took his place at the piano, a spotlight was thrown on Marylyn, but hardly anyone stopped chatting in the crowd. Bess felt so sorry for the girl that she would have liked to rush up to her, take her in her arms and tell her that she needn't go through with it. Marylyn was a shiny bit of youth, but not more so than some fifty creamed and garnished debutantes in the audience. At her side Bess could hear Jack breathing hard as a bellows, visibly working himself up into taking a wallop at everybody and everything. If their little stunt backfired, Marylyn would have to go back to Blythe, and Bess would

have to find another twenty-five-dollar job and be a stenographer for the rest of her life. Take a letter, Miss Foker. Well, I can still jump off Brooklyn Bridge, she told herself. She didn't know yet that the moment a spotlight was thrown on Marylyn she blossomed out like a night-blooming cereus. Her first number was the classic stand-by from Yvette Guilbert's program: *Mulbrough s'en va-t-en guerre*. She did it fairly well, the M.C. applauded with professional frenzy, and a few hands in the audience joined him in a mildly patronizing way. Marylyn said a few duly memorized words in French, and went into her second song, a sentimental little number: *Ne m'oubliez pas*. *Chéri*. Two verses in French and the last in her doll broken English.

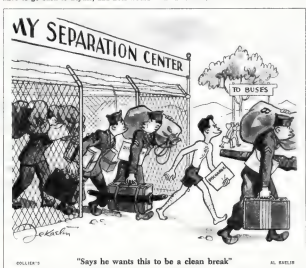
It was the broken English that seemed to outrage Jack. His face was red, his chin worked as he muttered louder and louder curses; and he lifted himself from his chair and banged his glass against the table—not to acclaim Marylyn, but with some notion of stopping the applause and making a speech. Bess held her breath. Luke began playing the introduction to the third song, and Marylyn closed her eyes and, looking very angelic, gave them the first line of it.

ALL of a sudden, she stopped, and threw another little French joke into the crowd. Everybody laughed, as everybody wanted to show everybody else that he understood French. Marylyn crossed her arms, grinning broadly like the little gutter-snipe she was. It took them by surprise, and the room grew silent. "Ah, let's stop pretending," she called down to them. "To hell with the French jabber. You don't understand the half of it, anyway, and for me it's hard work. So you really thought I was the genuine article from Paris, did you? Well, you've been had. I'm just a small-town girl from Blythe, California—and what's wrong with that? Let's all let our hair down, and I'll give you a song from home: *Coming in Out of the Rain*—by Luke Jordan. The redheaded monster at the piano—that's Luke. Give him a hand, folks. One and two and three and—"

It worked. The switch had come so suddenly that it bowled them over. Marylyn gave them three songs by Luke—it was the first time any of his songs had been brought before an audience, and they caught on at once.

Jack didn't say a word. Green in the face, he got up, staggered into the gent's room, and was lost from her sight for the rest of the evening.

By noon of the next day, Jack had recovered sufficiently to put in a meek phone call. But by noon Marylyn knew that she was a success, and all she said was: "Me?"



"Says he wants this to be a clean break"

Collier's for June 8, 1946

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IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL GIN-TRY IT!

Go to Blythe with you? Why, Jack, you're nuts." . . .

The telephone rang, and Fowler picked up the receiver without taking his eyes from Bess Poker's face. "Yes? Sergeant Feiglbaum? What's the news? Within the next hour or so? Okay, I'll be right over."

"Now about this Jack, Miss Poker, What has he got to do with the shooting?"

"Jack? Why, nothing at all."

"But you said before that nothing would have happened if you had listened to him. What did you mean by that?"

"I suppose I didn't mean anything. You're on the wrong track, Inspector. I told you everything I know about Jack."

"You don't know his last name? You never saw him again after November, 1938, and he is not connected with the shooting in any way. Is that right?"

"Yes, that's it."

"Did Marylyn see this Jack again?"

"Not that I know of."

"But you aren't sure, are you?"

"Yes, I'm sure. She forgot him completely as soon as she became a success. I mentioned him once, and she didn't even remember his name."

Fowler closed the scrapbook and put it on top of the file. "Now then, Miss Poker," he said, very calmly. "I'm going to ask you one more question, and then I'll let you go. Did you know that Marylyn was secretly married?"

The sudden attack had the effect he wanted. Bess turned white and, for the first time, she was thrown out of balance.

"Yes, I knew it. Why do you think I shot her?" she cried out.

"Ah—" Fowler said, relaxing. "Now we're getting somewhere, Miss Poker!"

THE matron, Martha Nestler, was a great rock of a woman, not quite so large as the Statue of Liberty, and Bess was just one of countless girls who had collapsed on her solid, reliable and not unkind bosom. "How do you feel now, honey?" she asked.

"It'll be over in a few minutes," Bess whispered, ashamed of her own feebleness. "I have these spells once in a while, it's nothing." She was familiar with the spasms which stiffened her body and let her neither breathe nor swallow while the walls moved up against her from all sides as if to crush her the next moment. Matron Nestler had found her in this condition as she came into the detention cell with a duly examined and stripped suitcase that had been delivered for Miss Poker. She had put her down on the cot, undressed her, and was now drying the perspiration that streamed down Poker's long, lean flanks. "What about these scars?" she asked, tracing some large marks etched into Poker's left thigh.

Poker made a strong effort and broke the cramp; the walls began to recede, and a few seconds later she could swallow, too. "It's all one and the same thing—the scars and the fits. The souvenir I kept of the Cypress Grove fire. I suppose you've heard of it."

"Dear me! Don't tell me you were in that? How long ago was that? Five years?"

"Almost six. But when I have those nervous attacks it always seems as if it were happening all over again."

The fire in the swank Palus Beach night club had been one of the great disasters in which more than a hundred people had lost their lives; the matron felt something like respect for this girl who had lived through it. Poker's rigid lips now began to dissolve into a fluid tremble and Matron Nestler felt sorry for her. "Some burrs these must have been," she said, gently pressing her hand on the damaged skin.

Bess shook her head. "Not burns; they took some of my skin to graft it on Marylyn."

It was not easy to surprise Matron Nestler, but now she was surprised. "You don't say! You mean Marylyn went around all the time with scraps of your skin on her?"

Yes, Bess thought sadly, the olive-drab leather in which I happened to be bound was still good enough to patch up Marylyn's

golden beauty. "They used it only where it didn't show," she said with infinite irony. "The whole horror of that night came tumbling down upon her once more, and she began again to struggle for air."

"Now don't get worked up all over again, honey. Here, take a sip of water. Don't fight it, just let it go. Of course you can swallow if you put your mind to it. Now don't get frightened, I'm staying with you. Think you might feel better if you talk about it?"

"Maybe I would," Bess said gratefully.

THE attack had left her too weak to keep up her usual defenses, and for once talking seemed a relief.

"The funny part is that when you're caught in such a thing you don't know what happens," she began, relaxing under the long, gentle strokes of the matron's firm hand. "And it all happened at the wrong moment. I mean we both were enjoying ourselves so much just then, and Marylyn had always wanted to go to Florida. So when Luke Jordan got himself a Hollywood contract that winter and she didn't, it actually made her sick. When he went off to California, the only medicine I knew was getting her a spot in Palm Beach. It was the first time that their team was broken up, but I was sure it was necessary for her to be independent of him and learn to sing with a band. Not that we didn't miss him—"

Bess said, smiling at her own understatement as she remembered at what cost she had tried once more to break away from Luke. "Afterward Luke kept telling me that nothing would have happened to us if he had been around. So she went on, carrying once more into the inferno of that night."

"I wonder. I've asked myself ever since what he could have done that I didn't."

"I think I was actually the first person in the Cypress Grove to notice the start of the fire—only I didn't realize what was happening. It was a very smart night club—or I wouldn't have let Marylyn sing there, but you know how flimsy even the smartest night club is when you look behind the pictures atmosphere. This one had cardboard cupboards, hung with real Spanish moss, and it was crowded to the rafters. Marylyn always picked them in. I was sitting at my usual little table behind one of the cypresses, and the moment Marylyn came on the floor I knew something was wrong. I myself had carefully arranged for a special baby spot to be thrown on her hair. That baby spot was missing and I thought angrily that the electrician must be asleep. There she was, radiant and perfect, except for that missing baby spot on her hair. I looked automatically at the cable snaking along the ceiling; that was how I saw the first little sparks jumping into the tinsel decoration. I didn't want to make Marylyn nervous by getting up, so I always kept her eyes on me during her number. But I beckoned to one of the waiters and asked him to go backstage and tell the electrician that something was wrong with the wire. While I was still waiting for that baby spot to come on, I saw a tiny flame leap out from the cable, and a second and a third one. I believe I smiled at it like an idiot. It was almost fun to watch those little flames; they seemed so completely playful and gay. When the lights are turned down during the show a night club always full of little sparks, glowing cigarettes, or a man striking a match, and suddenly you will see a woman's face in the tiny flare."

"So I watched with an idiotic curiosity how a little tongue of flame started to creep down a strand of Spanish moss. And then, suddenly, from one second to the other, a silk drapery broke into a flash of fire. It still looked beautiful. Like a balloon of flame, it floated down—and then there was a horrible shriek at one of the tables, and the people around it disappeared in the flames. A woman in a blazing dress raced across the floor, trying to run away from the flames that streaked out from her hair and her sleeves and her skin. The next moment, everybody seemed to have caught fire at once. There was a roar, and there was

shrieking and screeching, and the stampede was on.

"I don't know what happened to me. I wanted to reach Marylynn, but I was too paralyzed to move a finger. There she stood, carrying on her song with that glorious, stupid, terrible courage of a well-trained performer. A few men in the band kept on playing, and then they threw down their instruments and clambered over one another's chairs in a wild scramble for the exit. I don't remember how I made my way through that screaming, roaring trap of a night club. I suppose I must have crept along under the tables because I saw nothing but feet stomping over the faces of people who had been crushed to the floor. People kept knocking me down and kicking me, but I kept crawling toward Marylynn. I had almost reached her when I saw some burning scraps of Spanish moss fall down on her and set her hair on fire. I lunged forward in a sort of flying tackle. I felt Marylynn's knees between my arms and brought her down to the floor. I threw my mink coat over her and choked the flames that had begun to eat into her flesh.

"The smoke was blotting out the exit signs at the side door, and panic swept the whole crowd in one direction, toward the stairs which led up to the swinging door at the main entrance. That's where most of them got killed. All I knew was that we had to go against the current. Marylynn was whimpering with pain. As a cypress near us broke into flames, I could see what the fire had done to her poor face. Her hair, her eyebrows and eyelashes were gone and one side of her face was a raw mess of blisters. 'I'm blind,' I heard her sob. 'Help me, Pokey. I can't see anything, help me. I'm blind, please help me, help me.' She wanted to push forward with the others toward that horrible stair where the bodies began piling up even then. I had to fight, and fight hard, to pull her into the opposite direction. 'Don't be afraid, don't be afraid, Mary. I'll get you out of here,' I screamed into her ear. At last she seemed to understand me; she gave up struggling and hung on to my hand, suddenly obedient as a little child.

"The backstage of the Cypress Grove was the same rabbit burrow it is in most night clubs. I was glad Marylynn couldn't see where I was taking her; she let herself be led like a baby. There were no people at this end of the room, only that sheet of fire. It was walking up against it, faster and faster, pulling Marylynn with me. Then we were in it; there were flames before us and behind us and the heat was terrible. Then we were past it, and I threw myself against the heavy blistering door at the back. It gave; we tumbled through and came out in the narrow corridor. It was quiet and dark and the fire was gone. At the other end of that long black tube of concrete I could see a dim light bulb over a door. I pulled Marylynn toward it, hoping to find the kitchen and get out by the back where the garbage cans were stacked. By then I could hardly see myself, and that little light bulb disappeared as the tunnel filled with smoke and more smoke—bales of cotton against my mouth and eyes and nose. But I reached the door under the little bulb. I still had my right hand around Marylynn's wrist, and I pulled her with me. When I pushed the door open with my left, I felt my palm stick to it. A bitter pain shot through me when I tore my hand away. I shouldn't have been surprised when I saw that the skin of my hand was hanging in blisters and tatters—but I was, and it turned my stomach.

"Now we were in a small storeroom; there were shelves up to the ceiling, rows and rows of cans, boxes, barrels, and bottles. A bulb was burning here, too, and it was comparatively safe and quiet, although the roar of the fire was not very far away. I found a window, but then came the worst moment. Suddenly there was a new cracking sound, a crash of glass as the window burst in from the heat that beat against it from the outside. Instead of air, a thick yellow flame stabbed through it and more of that horrible black smoke came swarming in. It strangled me. I hunted among the boxes and bottles and cans for a way out of that horrible trap of a storeroom. Marylynn had been whimpering timidly

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like a sick child through all of it, but now she gave a loud moan. A wracking cough shook her and then I suddenly felt her wrist go slack in my hand and she crumpled in a little heap on the floor. I was going crazy, but through the smoke something kept gleaming, and I focused my eyes on it with a terrible effort. There was very little clear thought left in me, and I had to strain my brain to understand that this was a door handle—not an ordinary handle, but a long piece of metal, a sort of lever. I left Marylynn on the floor and tried to push that lever down. It didn't give in—but neither did I. Suddenly I knew that this was the heavy metal door to the refrigerator; behind it was safety, cold, fresh air. I heaved on that lever with every ounce of my weight until it finally gave. The heavy door creaked open; I gathered all my strength, pulling Marylynn inside and slamming the door shut before the smoke could follow us.

"It was dark inside, but I found the switch and turned on the light. Every inch of me began to hurt now, and every inch ached with a different sort of pain. I knelted down on the clean, cold tile floor. Carefully I peeled my poor mink coat from Marylynn's head and shoulders, because I wanted to spread it out for her to lie on. She was in a deep faint, and I was glad for her, because now I could see for the first time what the fire had done to her face.

"If someone's face had to be ruined, it should have been mine, not Marylynn's. I don't mean that in a sentimental way, but as a woman in business. Marylynn's face was one of our main assets, while mine had always been on the down side. While I was kneeling there among all the dead pork and beef in the refrigerator, waiting for someone to come and rescue us, I asked myself what in the world would become of us if Marylynn's face and beauty were lost for good. And there was no answer to my question as far as I could see."

ABRUPTLY Bess stopped, for this was dangerous ground. She felt herself caught in an evil circle. Wherever she started, it took her back to the happenings of last night. Then, too, she had asked him to go on without Marylynn and, not getting an answer, she had blindly grabbed for the gun. She was shivering now as she had shivered six years ago when she had started down into the wreckage of Marylynn's face. Last night again she had been bending over Marylynn's limp body and wishing she could trade places with her. The matron, although she was not of a very impressive nature, was impressed. "I must say, they should have given you a medal for life saving, honey," she said.

"There was nothing heroic about dragging Marylynn with me as far as that meat box. What came afterward was much harder. You see, I was at the end of my rope. I wanted nothing so much as to lie down and let myself faint, too. But I knew I couldn't do it. I knew I had to stand guard over Marylynn, and I did. It was the hardest thing I've ever done in my life, and all the pain and the skin grafting and the mess that came later was easy compared with it.

"It took years before they found us and more years in the ambulance. I was just a piece of frozen, cut-up meat myself by then, but I didn't faint—not while I waited my turn in that endless row of stretchers in the hospital corridor, and not when they carried Marylynn into the operating room. I'm so proud of that. I hadn't much strength left, but enough to fight it out with the doctors—and, believe me, that was a tough fight. I won it. I didn't let any of their overworked, panic-stricken little assistants touch her. I hollered and screamed and didn't let them butcher her up and stitch her up any old way and ruin her looks for good. I insisted that they call in the best plastic surgeon they could find. Yes, whatever else I might have done wrong, I'm still proud of the way I handled things that night. Only after the surgeon had taken charge of Marylynn did I let go, and then I

stayed unconscious for seventeen hours. Or maybe they dosed me because they were afraid of me."

"I know your kind," Matron Nestler said out of her store of practical psychology. "Always showing off how tough you are—but you aren't half as tough as you think. Then suddenly come this big breakdown. When I think of all the things you've done and sacrificed for that Marylynn woman—"

"Oh, no," Bess insisted. "With us it was give and take."

"Maybe so. But she must have done something awful to make you want to kill her. Tell me, while did she do to you? Try to steal your man?"

Bess gave a clipped little laugh. "There never was a man to be stolen from me," she told the matron.

"No! Don't tell me a handsome, smart girl like you would go through life without a bit of romance. Well, now you're laughing. Getting a little color, too," the matron said, as a slow blush painted Bess' high cheekbones.

"Thanks," she said. "Everybody tells me I'm am, but nobody ever called me handsome."

"Now you're looking different. I knew it would do you a lot of good to talk a bit. Feeling better, now, is that so?"

"I don't know; it's a bit like coming out of the anesthetic after an operation. Still numb and hazy but you begin to feel the pulse."

"Maybe I shouldn't tell you this; but my advice is for you to get yourself a lawyer right now. With those nervous fits of yours, and what you told me about that fire, I bet you a good lawyer could get you off easy with any jury. I understand that Dale Corbett has offered to take over your case; and, whatever else you might think about him, he certainly is a smart lawyer."

Immediately Bess' face took on a frozen and obstinate expression. "No, thanks all the same, Matron," she said with a coldness that was barely less than rude. "I don't want a lawyer. I don't want to be let off easy."

Matron Nestler shrugged and got up from the cot. "Well, it's your funeral, honey," she said. "I can't spend all my time on you. I only came in to give you your nutcase. A colored woman brought it for you."

Connie—Bess' thought; and for a second there was the warm good smell of yeast and cinnamon and breakfast in Connie's shining kitchen. "Did she say anything?" she asked softly.

"She said she packed everything you might need in the next few days, and she should put on your nice chattrone dress and lace up your nautically, it would make you feel good. And she said bless you and she was praying for both of you."

THE matron shook out her skirt, yanked down her corset and went toward the door. Only a few seconds later did the news implied in Connie's message connect with something in Bess' mind.

"Both of us? But that means—that means Marylynn is alive?" she cried.

The matron, her face turned away from Bess, hid a little smile behind her rocklike chin. "I guess I let something slip out there, didn't it?" she muttered.

It was as if Bess' power had been suddenly walking in for its moment. Suddenly she found herself staring at a reality which some defense mechanism in her had tried to conceal. The sharp jolt smelt strong in her nostrils like something new and cleared her brain. What am I doing here? Why do I look myself away? I must be crazy, she thought in a fierce onslaught of every instinct of self-preservation. I want to talk to people, I want to know everything! What happened to Marylynn? What is going to happen to me? And, for heaven's sake, what is happening to Lake?

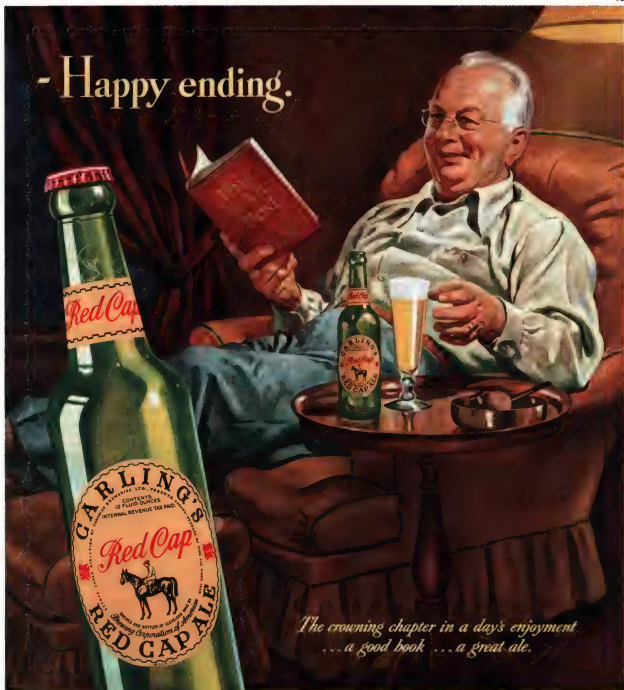
"I want a lawyer," she cried. "Any lawyer! At once!"

"Now you're talking," said Matron Nestler, who had been waiting for the door to be opened.

(To be continued next week)

Collier's for June 8, 1946

- Happy ending.



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California's Elephant Boy

Continued from page 31

record. According to them, it proves two things that are bound to impress the country: one that he is a true public servant and an experienced administrator who has shown himself prudent, wise and just in the conduct of the people's affairs; the other that he is a sturdy middle-of-the-roader who cannot and will not be shoved out of position by extremists either of the right or the left. After his re-election, and when he takes his place among Presidential aspirants, they say Earl will make it clear where he stands on all national and international issues.

At Odds with the Old Guard

What, then, are his chances for re-election? Repeating 1942, the registration figures show that the Democrats are in the majority by more than a million. The Republican Party is not only a poor second, but a minority disgraced by internal dissension. As can be imagined without undue strain, the Old Guard has not liked either Governor Warren's policies or his appointments. Spurring many of his legislative proposals as a stupid and blundering attempt to steal New Deal thunder, the conservatives have been even more angered by his refusal to put stunch party workers on guard at all key points.

Governor Warren not only admits his failure in this respect, but actually makes a boast of it, for his declaration of candidacy contained this explicit statement: "I start my campaign from scratch this evening, just as I did four years ago, because I have devoted neither time nor energy to perpetuating myself in office. I have built no political organization."

Festering resentments, in fact, have come considerably close to the stage of open revolt. As late as February, party organs were savagely critical, and Earl Lee Kelly, a former state official and high in Republican council, went so far as to take the stump and lay down a barrage of blistering condemnation.

"The tragedy of our present Republican state administration," bellowed Mr. Kelly, "is that its policies are so akin to those of the C.I.O.-Political Action Committee and all the radical riffraff elements of California, that it is difficult to find any issue on which Governor Warren and Robert W. Kenny, the probable Democratic nominee, are in serious disagreement. If our party's chosen public officials are so glib or too opportunistic to go into battle wearing the party's colors, then we must either get new leaders or get ready for receiver-ship. If Governor Warren intends to ride the Republican elephant, and at the same time keep an affectionate hold on the Democratic donkey, neither animal will recognize him as master."

Another bitterness derives from Governor Warren's course at the Chicago convention. As members of the Old Guard tell it, he did nothing to discourage the plan to give him the Vice-Presidential nomination, and only remembered his duty to the people of California after bugging the top publicity spot as keynote. His last-minute refusal, as a result, gave ground for the Democratic charge that the canny Californian figured Republican defeat a foregone conclusion. "Warren still he took to his bed after making one or two speeches for Dewey and Bricker. Even though the governor waves a doctor's certificate, proving that his illness was not faked, bruised feelings have not been soothed."

Back-room meetings, however, have decided against any swapping of horses, and an order has gone forth to close ranks. Mr. Kelly and other dissidents are no longer heard or seen, and the governor will have no opposition in the primaries on June 4th. Realizing their sad status as a hopeless minority, and admitting the necessity of winning Democratic votes, party leaders also

yielded to the Warren insistence that he run as a nonpartisan, and this statement figured prominently in Governor Warren's declaration of candidacy:

"I am a Republican, but in keeping with the practice of those who have sought state office in California since our direct primary was established thirty years ago, I shall seek the support of voters of both parties. I can do this honorably because my approach to state government development is that I believe in and practice the principle of independent administration in state affairs without blind partisanship or political manipulation. I can, therefore, continue to be fair to all, regardless of party affiliation, just as I have been in the past."

Sound strategy, but present conditions are vastly different from those that prevailed in 1942. Democrats, following the Republican example, have also picked an organization date, and with Robert W. Kenny's nomination probable, Governor Warren is not going to have any such push-over as the weak and vulnerable Olson. Kenny is adroit and able, fast as a flash on his mental feet, and a natural leader. California has never produced a shrewder politician or one with a more definite genius for estimating popular trends.

Like Earl Warren, Bob Kenny is a Native Son, having been born in Los Angeles in 1901. After getting his degree from Leland Stanford, he entered the newspaper game and was good enough to be sent abroad, acting in London and Paris as correspondent for press associations. From 1924 to 1927 he worked on a Los Angeles paper, and was then admitted to the bar, having studied law at night. In turn he has been a municipal court judge, a superior court judge and is now attorney general. Just the other day he only was a publican to win in 1938, so was Kenny the only Democrat saved from the 1942 landslide.

With issues far from clean-cut, owing to Warren's advocacy of many measures that were first advanced by Democrats, as well as his nonpartisan approach, the campaign will be waged along strictly party lines. Although the governor is being put forward as the "safe and sane liberal," a public servant who thinks in terms of the people as a whole, and a statesman far above the ward-heeler level.

Accuse Kenny of Pink Lineings

In broad strokes Kenny is painted as an apostle of crackpotism, the candidate and creature of the C.I.O.-PAC, and the long-time intimate of Communists and fellow travelers. The photograph that he once had taken with Harry Bridges has been dusted off for frequent use, and much is being made of his presidency of the National Lawyers' Guild, a body denounced by the Dies Committee as distinctly pinko if not actually red.

The Democrats, fighting back with hands, feet and teeth, assail the governor as a fake and a phony. Harmonious relations with the legislature were not due to his "genius for co-operation" but produced entirely from Democratic unwillingness to impair unity during the war years. As for his fiscal policies, they point out that Warren inherited a surplus of \$80,000,000, a sum generously augmented by war taxes, and that with this overflowing treasury even Ed Wynn or Groucho Marx could have made a good financial showing.

Jearing at the governor's nonpartisanism as "ranked opportunism," dictated by a shrewd appreciation of California's overwhelming Democratic majority, they cite a record of "lifelong and undeviating devotion to reactionary Republicanism." A delegate to the national convention in 1928 and again in 1932, voting enthusiastically for Herbert Hoover, chairman of the Republican state committee from 1934 to



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1936; Republican national committeeman from 1936 to 1940 and, lastly and even more damningly, Republican keynoter in 1944, attacking the New Deal and Roosevelt policies with a fervor that had the Old Guard baying like coon dogs.

In support of the charge that the governor is a "fake liberal," Democrats are emphasizing the fact that he is receiving, and has always received, the unwavering support of the Los Angeles Times, notorious for its stubborn standpatism, and of the Hearst press. And when it came to appointing a man to fill out the unexpired term of Senator Hiram Johnson, so far from selecting a liberal, the governor named the son of Dr. R. K. Knowland, owner of the Oakland Tribune, and long prominent as a leader of the Old Guard. In support of the charge that his liberalism is phony, the Democrats quote this excerpt from one of his speeches:

"It is my view that the nation cannot go along much longer with the expansion of federal control over industry and the lives of individuals while departing completely from the original concept and purposes of our democracy . . . we must return to fundamentals, we must reach out ourselves to the old moorings—the family, the home, religion and free government."

Rival Takes Opposite View

In his own announcement of candidacy, Attorney General Kenny took delighted cognizance of this statement, and asserted the contrary belief that highly necessary advances in many social and economic areas must be national. "What kind of backward and political social sense is it," he barked, "that does not see California as part of the United States? What kind of icebound ambition is it that does not see our industry, our agriculture and our traffic as part of the interlocking picture of state and national interest?"

This difference in viewpoint, academic as it may seem, may prove a decisive factor in the November election. Governor Warren, while urging his Prepaid Medical Insurance bill, strongly opposes the Wagner-Murray-Dingell measure that proposes to make medical care for all people the business of the federal government. Mr. Kenny, on the other hand, while an ardent advocate of the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill, is against the Warren measure on the ground that it is stupid and useless for the state to set up a system of individual medical care until Congress acts on national health insurance.

The medical profession in California stands almost as a unit against the Warren proposal, attacking it as "socialized medi-

cine," and doctors and dentists have been assessed for a fund with which to fight it. It is a powerful group politically, due to its intimate contact with the home and family, but where the vote will go depends on a decision as to whether the state bill or the federal bill is the more immediate danger. Where the doctors finally decide is not the least worry of both parties.

Another element of uncertainty is contributed by organized labor. The C.I.O.-PAC was first and foremost in urging the Kenny candidacy and held to its insistence even when Senator Sheridan Downey expressed a willingness to make the race. As a condition of acceptance, however, the attorney general demanded that the Democratic organization have full charge of the campaign, and then went on to establish another point of disassociation. When the C.I.O.-PAC gave its endorsement for United States senator to Congressman Ellis Patterson, a veteran of every cult from EPIC to Ham and Eggs, Mr. Kenny announced that his choice was young Will Rogers.

Danger of Discord for Democrats

How is the C.I.O.-PAC going to like its status as tail to the Democratic kite? And if it doesn't accept it, what will be the attitude of organization Democrats? And how many monkey wrenches is Ellis Patterson going to throw into the Democratic machinery as he bellows his way from county to county?

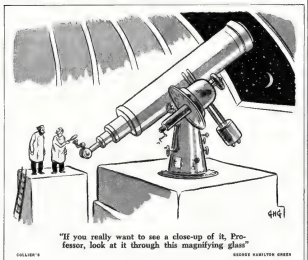
Getting the A.F. of L. endorsement was a tremendous boost for Warren, but there is a question as to whether it indicates love of the governor or just antagonism to the C.I.O. And lacking the iron discipline of the C.I.O.-PAC, can the A.F. of L. produce the necessary army of bell-ringing precinct workers? It is also worthy of note that State Senator John Shelley, long an A.F. of L. leader, is running for lieutenant governor on the Democratic ticket.

With neither Warren nor Kenny offering them any safe shelter, where are the conservatives of California to go? The Democratic National Committee, fully recognizing California's importance as a pivotal state, is already planning to put the entire strength of the party behind Kenny. With a victory for Earl Warren putting him right up among the leading contenders for the Presidential nomination in 1948, will the Republican National Committee go all out for his re-election?

The development of the campaign will throw more light on a confused picture, but at this stage the gamblers consider the outcome a tossup, and even money, take your choice, is the best offering.

THE END

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June the Giant Killer

Continued from page 11

her mind. His face, it was true, was like the face in the picture on Mrs. Trout's dressing table; older, of course, with gravity in it now where the picture showed only mischief, but there was the same lift to the corners of the mouth and the same wrinkles of amusement around the eyes. But he was almost short and very broad and not at all the way a myth ought to be.

"I don't suppose that the stores will go bankrupt if we hold off our bills until tomorrow," June, Mrs. Trout remarked. June swallowed and closed her book. "Why don't you ask Mary if we can have some of that beer?" Mrs. Trout added.

"Yes," said June. She got up from her chair and went out through the dining room into the serving pantry, feeling that the back of her neck was both red and visible.

While Mary got out the beer, June stayed in the pantry. She opened the bottles, poured three glasses and scolded herself while she worked. And when she carried the tray to the living room she was calm, unembarrassed, able to face the redoubtable Johnny with what would pass for equanimity, able to face even Mrs. Trout.

Johnny took a glass from the tray. At close range he was considerably taller than he had appeared from across the room, but his breadth was still unromantically exorbitant.

Mrs. Trout tasted her beer and then set it down on the table and got herself up out of her chair. "It's time for my nap," she announced. There was silence. "Well, it is," said Mrs. Trout. "You two go for a swim or a sail or something while I rest."

Johnny fixed her with a stern eye. "Dowager," he said, "stop your match-making. You work too hard at it."

"Humph," said Mrs. Trout, and picked up her beer. "I'm going to take my rest." Johnny nodded. "So you told us. Sweet dreams."

"I'm not at all sure that I'm glad the war is over," said Mrs. Trout. "Maybe if it had lasted a little longer you would have learned respect."

For a moment Johnny's grinning face was the face in the picture upstairs. June felt a peculiar emptiness in her stomach as she watched. And then his grin was gone, the emptiness filled up smoothly and without a bubble, and June remembered herself. "Do you want me, Mrs. Trout?" she asked.

Again Johnny smiled. Mrs. Trout said, a trifle acidly, "Thank you, no, my dear. I can manage to undress myself, I think." Beer in hand, she marched out of the room. "You almost spoiled her play," Johnny said.

"After all—" June began tartly.

"You know," Johnny said, pouring his beer with care, "that swim thing might not be such a bad idea. Or maybe even a sail." Then he looked out at the water and shook his head. "Nope," he said. "No sail. It's too choppy for comfort."

"Too choppy," said June scornfully. She thought of the case upstairs filled with cups. "And you a Star boat champion." The legend was fading fast. She hoped her disappointment did not show in her voice.

"That was when," Johnny said. "I've grown up and slowed down. I'm a big boy now and I've put aside my childish tricks." He raised his full glass and admired it. "We'll swim," he said. "That is, I'll swim and maybe you'd like to come, too."

"Since my employer has ordered me to," June said.

"I'll countermand the dowager's order, if you like."

"Thank you, no," June said. "I don't want to cause trouble your first day home. I'll swim with you."

"Thank you," said Johnny. "Don't mention it," said June.

WHEN June came downstairs, he was sitting on the sofa in swimming trunks and he had put aside his glass and was drinking beer from the bottle. As she came into the room he lowered the bottle and whistled softly. "Do they actually allow that nowadays?" he asked. "Right out on the beach, I mean?"

"If you don't want to go—" June began. Johnny shook his head and stood up. In trunks he was even broader than in his uniform, but he showed no fat. "I don't mind if you don't." He stretched one great arm and took another bottle from the tray. "If it causes a public disturbance, I guess I can stay out of the way."

"Chivalrous," said June. "I told you," Johnny pointed out, "that I've grown up and slowed down. I'm a peace-and-quiet-loving citizen. As a matter of fact, I might even get a job sometime. A steady job."

"Not that!" said June.

"Even that," said Johnny. . . . It was disappointing. They lay on the

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warm sand. They wriggled their toes and absorbed the sun. Johnny worked patiently on his beer. He watched the water and the solitary centerboard catboat running down the bay dead before a brisk breeze. June lay on her stomach, contemplating the sand in front of her nose. Johnny said, presently, "A long time ago, when I was a boy and sailed small boats, we used to have a maneuver we called a jibe. Sometimes it was successful, and sometimes it wasn't."

June rolled over and looked out at the water. "What on earth's he begin."

"This one isn't going to be successful," Johnny continued smoothly. "There it goes."

Then June saw the catboat jibe. She watched the sail beat; then the boom whirled across and the little boat rolled over, showed its bottom and did not come back, and the sail lay in the water and two heads came to the surface and two pairs of hands clung to the boat. June jumped to her feet. "They capsized!" she cried.

Johnny nodded. "So they did."

June glared down at him. "Aren't you going to do something about it?" she demanded. "People who sail centerboard boats," said Johnny, "should first learn how to swim. If those two took that precaution, they don't need any help. If they didn't, they don't deserve any."

"Oh!" said June.

"Besides," Johnny went on, "it's only about fifteen feet deep out there. They can always sink and walk ashore." He was watching the two sailors. They were small boys, he saw, and he had never heard of any small boys at the beach who were not completely amphibious. "There," he said, "you see? They took the precaution." The boys had regained their breath and taken bearings. Now they set out with the boat, one towing and one pushing, for the shore.

"They might not have," said June.

"It is idle," said Johnny, "to speculate on what might have been."

JUNE sat down and said nothing. She stretched herself on her stomach again, and resumed her consideration of the sand grains beneath her nose. She pondered on the inaccuracy of human observation and on the resultant fallacy that came to be built into a myth, a myth, for example, like that of Johnny Trout, the terror of Escudo Beach. It was disappointing.

She was still deep in meditation when Cory Adams appeared with his paddle board on one broad shoulder, his diving glasses around his neck, his blond hair curling bristly and a romantic dash of zinc oxide on his sunburned nose. He set the paddle board on its edge and sat down, cross-legged. "Hi," he said.

June frowned at Cory, and then she smiled. "Hi," she said. She looked at Johnny, who lay on his side, propped on one elbow, his beer bottle in his hand. He was looking at Cory without interest. "Hi," he said.

"Cory Adams," June said. "Johnny Trout."

Cory leered. "Not the Johnny Trout. Not the hero?" His voice held nasty overtones that June had never liked.

Johnny raised one eyebrow. "No," he said. "That was my father. He's dead."

"Johnny," said June brightly, "just got home this afternoon."

Cory leered again.

"That's a good leer you've got there," Johnny said. "I like that. Take much practice?"

The leer faded. Cory's jaw moved forward. "Look—" he began.

"Just asking," said Johnny, peaceably. "When I see a leer I like, I always ask about it." His eyes drifted to the diving glasses and to the paddle board. "Sun hurt your eyes?" he asked pleasantly. "It's pretty bright. Maybe you'd better put those things on."

Cory breathed deeply. "Look, hero—" he began again.

Johnny shook his head. "My father," he said. "Like I told you. You've got me all wrong, pal."

"Cory dives," said June, tartly. "Abalone and octopus out near the point." She saw Johnny's eyebrows rise in polite skepticism and she turned angrily away. To Cory she said, "You'd going out now?"

Cory nodded. He still breathed with difficulty. "Want to go?"

"Yes," said June, thereby astonishing both Cory and herself. She stood up and pulled on her sandals. She looked down at Johnny. "That is, if I may be allowed to have a couple of hours off."

Johnny waved one great hand airily. "Permission granted," he said. He was eyeing the paddle board. "Paddle board built for two," he said. "Must be cozy."

June had Cory's arm. "Let's go," she said. Cory stood for a moment in indecision, looking down at Johnny. Then he turned away, without a word, and bent and picked up the board and walked down to the water. June followed. They lunched the board and climbed on. Cory's voice drifted back to the beach: "Somebody I'm going to take that guy apart."

Johnny heard. He waved and lifted his beer bottle and drank deeply and without faction, then lay back on the warm sand and closed his eyes. He did not see Mrs. Trout, frowning from her bedroom window.

DINNER that night was a strained, almost silent time. Only Johnny, absorbed and happy in old dungarees and tee shirt was content. He ate hungrily and with obvious relish. Mrs. Trout picked at her food. Occasionally she glared at her son and twice she opened her mouth to speak and closed it again. He ate quietly, her eyes on his plate. The glare of the sun and its reflection from the water had combined to color her face and to raise a small colony of golden freckles across the bridge of her nose. The effect, Johnny noticed surreptitiously, served to brighten the blue of her eyes and to accentuate the red of her mouth, and was altogether admirable. Re-telling the ecstatic grunts Mrs. Trout had heaped on June in her letters, he decided that it had not been exorbitant. He made overtures. "How were the octopuses?" he asked.

June pursed her lips. "They were fine. Fine and healthy."

"I was afraid," he said, "that they might have suffered a blight or something. Delicate creatures, octopuses."

June opened her mouth and then closed it again.

Mrs. Trout looked from one to the other. "Octopuses?" she asked.

"Yes," said June.

"Oh," Mrs. Trout said, without comprehension.

There was silence.

They finished dinner and retired to the living room for coffee. June poured and passed the cups. Johnny stood by the fire. Mrs. Trout rocked gently in her chair and sipped her knitting needles busily. It was June who finally broke the silence. "Mrs. Trout?" she said, tentatively.

"Yes, my dear?"

June swallowed. She wished that Johnny were not watching her. She was so used to that she had not lost her temper this afternoon. Otherwise she would never have accepted Cory's invitation.

"If you don't need me tonight, Mrs. Trout," she said finally, "I promised I'd go to the dance."

"Why, of course, my dear," Mrs. Trout said hesitantly. "You were talking of it, too, weren't you, Johnny?"

Johnny looked up from his coffee cup at June and his mother. "Why, no," he said, obstinately. "As a matter of fact, I wasn't." He waved his hand and refilled his cup, feeling something that might have been jealousy, if there had been any reason for jealousy. He looked at June. "Cory must cut quite a figure on the dance floor," June's lips were thin and straight, and perversity took over Johnny's tongue.

"Does he wear his glasses at night?" he asked. "The ones with the rubber cups, I mean?"

"Cory Adams?" said Mrs. Trout. "You're going with him, my dear?"

"Yes," said June. She raised her head and regarded the entire Trout family with defiance. "Yes," she repeated. "I'm going with Cory Adams."

"Oh," said Mrs. Trout finally. "I hope you have a good time, my dear."

"Thank you," said June, and went out of the room, her slim back straight and her shoulders square. Mrs. Trout knitted on imperturbably, her mind filled with strategems.

Cory did not come in. He stopped his car in front of the house and June flew immediately through the living room to the front door. "Good night," she said in passing, and then she was gone.

MRS. TROUT put down her knitting. "Cory Adams," she said, listening to the sounds of the car driving off. "Cory Adams," she repeated.

"Yes," said Johnny, "I think you're right." He walked over to the big chair by the fire, sat down, switched on the reading light and picked a magazine from the table. He turned the pages for a time, while Mrs. Trout watched over the top of her glasses. "I didn't know," she said finally, "that you were particularly interested in women's clothes."

Johnny looked hard at the magazine. "You never can tell when knowledge of these things might come in handy," he said. He put the magazine on the table and picked up his coffee cup again and stared into the fire.

"Style is a good thing for married men to appreciate," Mrs. Trout said dryly. "But, somehow, I don't think you're cut out for a husband."

"Dowager," Johnny said, "you try too hard." He put down his coffee cup and got out of his chair and poked at the fire for a time until it smoked magnificently. Mrs. Trout picked up her knitting. Johnny walked over to the window and stood looking out over the dark harbor. A small powerboat moved slowly up the channel between the twinkling red and green buoy lights, its wake spreading smoothly in a giant V, distorting the reflections on the quiet water. Johnny turned away and went over to the bookcase. He stared at the titles, unseeing. He walked over to the radio and turned it on and then turned it off again before the first commercial was even begun. He drummed with his fingers on the radio's smooth top. Mrs. Trout's needles clacked on relentlessly. The situation, she decided, called for subtlety.

"Cory Adams," she said, "I don't suppose you remember him."

"I met him today," said Johnny. "He had an older brother," Mrs. Trout went on smoothly. "Carl Adams. You didn't like him."

"Carl?" Johnny opened his hand and gazed at it reflectively. "Funny," he said, "how those things run in families, isn't it?"

"Carl moved away from Encino Beach after your last—uh—encounter," Mrs. Trout said.

"I remember," said Johnny. Mrs. Trout's needles clacked on. "Cory Adams grew up while you were away," she continued. "He worked in a war plant and lived here in town. He used to talk about you."

Johnny turned from the radio. "Oh?"

"Of course," said Mrs. Trout. "I heard most of it from Mrs. Edwards. You remember her. Our laundress."

"I remember."

"And Mrs. Edwards doesn't always stay as close to the truth as she might."

"That's true," said Johnny. He turned on the radio again. It began to hum.

"But Mary told me about the talk, too," Mrs. Trout said placidly. "And Mary is always dependable in what she says." Her needles clacked on and the radio hum rose in pitch. Mrs. Trout crossed her fingers surreptitiously. It was a small lie, really, and the end almost always justifies the means. She wondered where the bad had read that. But it didn't really signify. She knitted on and waited.

Johnny's conscience wrestled manfully with his inclination. Conscience lost the first call. "What kind of talk?" Johnny demanded.

Mrs. Trout looked her astonishment. "Why, just talk! You don't think I'd listen to that sort of thing, do you?"

"No," said Johnny slowly. "No, of course not." Curiosity reinforced inclination and, between them, they pinned conscience in short order. Conscience beat the mat in surrender. Johnny switched off the radio. "I think I'll take a little walk," he said. "It's a pretty night."

"It's cold," said Mrs. Trout. "You'd better wear a coat or a jacket or something."

"I'll be warm enough," said Johnny. "I'll keep moving."

OUTSIDE, it was clear and cool and the stars were brilliant. No Southern Cross, Johnny noticed absently. He was home. More than that, he thought, he was back again in the same sort of situation he thought he had outgrown. Circumstances, there were, entirely beyond his control. He strolled along the waterfront, his hands deep in his pockets. Conscience, enlivened by his breathing spell, came out for the final fall. Johnny considered the struggle. It would do no harm, he decided, if he wandered down to the pavilion and looked in at the dance. Maybe a beer and hello to some of his old cronies. No harm at all in that. Conscience retired to its corner, shrieking "Foul," but Johnny ignored its clamor and quickened his step toward the



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JUNE 16TH

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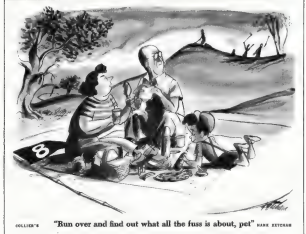
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pavilion. He paid his forty cents and went inside.

The building was the same, the people looked the same and what seemed to be the same orchestra was on the stand. Only the music sounded a little different. He stood at the end of the floor for a few minutes, watching, recognizing no one. He strolled over to the long bar and ordered a beer. Even the bartenders were strange.

The dance ended and the rush for the bar began. Johnny held his place. Someone jostled his elbow and beer stopped out of his glass. He set the glass on the bartop and got out his handkerchief and wiped his chin and looked around. A sailor was beside him, wriggling in the crowd, waving a dollar bill at the bartender. The gob grinned at Johnny. "Sorry, Mac," he said. "No harm done," said Johnny affably. He turned back to his beer, Conscience stomped wrathfully around in his corner, shrieking that the bout was fixed, that the referee was a robber. Johnny ignored it.

The sailor got his drinks. He backed his way out of the crowd and found his girl, and the crowd closed in to his place. Johnny picked up his glass. Someone else jostled his elbow. He set his glass down again and got out his handkerchief once more. He looked around. It was Cory Adams, in a tweed jacket and a sport shirt, his strong throat bare. He was grinning. "Well," he said. "The hero, Slumming?"

"In a manner of speaking," said Johnny, "yes." He turned back to his beer and finished it and waited patiently for the bartender to bring him another.

The music began and the crowd finished its drinks and moved back through the gate to the floor. June came to join Cory at the bar. "I thought," she said to Johnny, "that you had decided against the dance."

"I have," said Johnny. "I came to watch." "We're honored," said June.

Johnny bowed. "It's my pleasure." Cory waved. "Hey!" he called. And two men came over to join him. Johnny looked at them. They were young—Cory's age. They were sunburned and tall and agile and they wore sport jackets and wore ties. Johnny's conscience stilled its clamor; it reached down into the water bucket and took out the sponge and tossed it contemptuously into the center of the ring. Then it ducked through the ropes and wrapped its robe haughtily about itself and stalked up the aisle to the dressing room.

JUNE was frowning at the two men. Cory said, "I wanted you to meet Johnny Trout. The Johnny Trout. The hero, you know."

The two young men smirked. "Not the hero!" one of them said. "The one the paper writes about?"

"You can read?" Johnny asked. June said, "Johnny!" There was silence.

"Let's dance, Cory," said June. Cory shook his head. "I haven't finished my drink." He looked at Johnny. "Besides, I want to talk to the hero."

"There's that leer again," Johnny said. "You know, that's one of the best leers I've seen in a long time." He took a long swallow of his beer. "You have the face for it, of course, and that's an advantage." He looked at the other two. "So have your friends. I'll bet that if they practice, too, they'll be able to do it almost as well."

One of the young men said, "You may be a hero to the newspaper, pal, but you're just a punk to me."

Cory nodded. "I was just thinking the same."

"Cory," said June. "Come on. Let's dance." She touched his arm. "Shut up," said Cory. He knocked her hand away.

June backed off out of range with a strange expression on her face.

Johnny set his glass on the bartop. "You know," he said conversationally to June, "I think we've been pushed around long enough." He grabbed a handful of Cory's coat in his left fist and jerked him off balance and slapped him twice, hard, with his

open right hand. Cory's hands flew up. Johnny let go with his left hand and drew it back and hooked it deep into Cory's stomach. Cory doubled over. Johnny slammed his right hand into the juncture of Cory's neck and jaw and Cory went down and landed on the floor and slid a few feet before he stopped and lay still.

One of the two young men produced a looping right hand that landed with astonishing impact. Johnny took it and bounced off the bar swinging. The other young man clubbed Johnny on the back of the head and two bouncers appeared running, and the melee became general.

THEY marched peaceably into the station house. Johnny held his handkerchief to his cheek; his right eye was beginning to swell. The sergeant came from behind the desk and waved the two policemen away. "Hi, Johnny," he said.

Johnny grinned. "Hi, Joe." "You're all booked," said the sergeant. "The service," said Johnny, "has improved."

The sergeant shook his head. "It's like old times." He got out a pack of cigarettes, offered them to Johnny and took one himself. Johnny produced a match. "Mrs. Trout" on her way down," said the sergeant. "So I won't bother to find a room for you." He peered at Johnny's handkerchief. "How's that cheek?"

"Somebody," said Johnny, "was wearing a ring." He was frowning. "You call my mother?"

The sergeant shook his head. He gestured with his thumb. "Young lady. Said she's a friend of yours." Johnny followed the thumb with his eyes. He saw June sitting in the corner. "Thank you," he said.

"Don't mention it," said June.

The taxi pulled up in front then. Mrs. Trout disembarked and marched into the station house. June stood up. Mrs. Trout looked at her son and she looked at June and she looked at the sergeant. "I thought," she said, "from the amount of talk that Enrico Beach could afford a police force to prevent disturbances."

The sergeant swallowed desperately. "Yes, m'am," he said. "I mean—no, m'am."

"I see," said Mrs. Trout. She looked at Johnny, regarded him with disapproval. "And I had hoped," she said with asperity, "that you had left these childish tempers somewhere out in the war zone."

Johnny said nothing. The sergeant shuffled uneasily. June made a small protesting sound. Mrs. Trout said, "And I don't want you defending him, June."

There was a glow in June's eyes that did not escape Mrs. Trout's attention. It was as if June were seeing a myth, in the flesh, come true. She said, "But, Mrs. Trout—"

Mrs. Trout took the handkerchief from Johnny's cheek. She examined the bruised cut. "Did you take him?" she demanded. Johnny grinned. "June conversed breathlessly. She came across the room and stood at Johnny's side, and faced Mrs. Trout proudly. "Cory had two friends," she said.

Mrs. Trout fixed the sergeant with a stern eye. "Are they locked up?"

The sergeant shook his head. He gestured with his thumb. "They're—uh—they're in the next building, Mrs. Trout. The one with the bell."

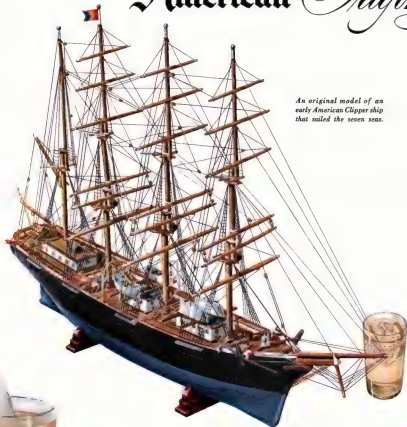
"I see," said Mrs. Trout. She looked at Johnny again, but Johnny was not looking at her. Johnny was looking down at June and June was looking up at him, and both of them were smiling.

Mrs. Trout opened her bag and got out her checkbook. One paid for what one got, she reflected. She wondered where she read that. But it didn't really signify. What did matter was the success of the campaign; compared to that, any price was cheap. She advanced to the desk and took the pen from its holder. "... She glared at the sergeant. "How much?" she demanded.

TIM ENO



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DISTILLED DRY



1. This water color of a rainy street scene was painted by Florence Smith, 18, of Washington Irving High School, New York City. Her painting is one of about 1,500 pieces of art on exhibition at the Carnegie Galleries in Pittsburgh.

2. Thomas Goings, 17, chose a church as the subject of this painting in tempera and water color. Thomas is a student at Mackenzie High School, Detroit, Mich. Like the others, he survived tough regional competition to win national honors.

3. Last year John Clague won three national prizes. This year he won two scholarships and \$50 in cash besides his Collier's award for this water color of a night trolley. John is 18, attends John Hay High School in Cleveland, Ohio.

4. First prize in oils went to Moishe Smith, 17, for his "Portrait of Girl with Rose." Moishe won a Collier's award last year. Mrs. Edith Obel, his teacher at Cass Technical High School, Detroit, once won a Carnegie scholarship herself.

5. Youngest artist to win a Collier's certificate and \$100 in cash was Herbert Youner, 14. He is a student at New York's High School of Music and Art, which had a winner in 1945, has two this year. "Night Street Scene" is in tempera.

6. Harold W. Bradley, Jr., 16, attends Englewood High School, Chicago. His teacher, Miss Florence Foter, also instructed one of last year's Collier's award winners. This water-color painting is appropriately called simply "Circus."

7. This pastel drawing of refugees was done by Harvey Dinnerstein, 17, who is also a student at the High School of Music and Art, New York City. He won several first prizes and a scholarship to the Carnegie Institute of Technology.





Presenting the second annual Collier's awards for high school art. Not all won prizes in the national exhibition. These 12 were picked independently by Collier's to receive Certificates of Merit and cash awards of \$100 each



The Young Idea in Art

BY CARL FRENCH

THE pictures on these pages are the work of teen-age artists, and they represent the second annual selections made for awards by Collier's from all the exhibitors in the National High School Art show at Pittsburgh.

Every year thousands of pieces of art by high school students are submitted to the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh in a national contest sponsored by Scholastic Magazines. These works have survived regional competition. This year the regional entries were displayed in department stores in 35 cities. The best were then sent to Pittsburgh.

Over 25,000 pieces of art were viewed and judged by a distinguished jury of art critics and educators. A final selection of about 1,500 was made for exhibition in the Fine Arts Galleries at the Institute.

From the finalists, Collier's made an independent selection of outstanding pictures. Not all of these won national prizes. But because they are fine examples of the vigor and independence of youth, Collier's has awarded each of these young artists an engraved Certificate of Merit for Excellence in High School Art and a cash award of \$100.

Contestants include both junior and senior high school pupils. The prizes, some of which are contributed by commercial firms, range all the way from small cash awards to scholarships at leading art schools. About 70 of the latter are made available through Scholastic Awards, a project for the recognition of student achievement.

Several winners of this year's Collier's awards are from schools represented last year too. The guidance and encouragement of art teachers in all the schools is evident in the high quality of work.

Cass Tech's winner this year also won a Collier's award in 1945. He is Moishe Smith, seventeen. In a letter outlining his philosophy, Moishe wrote:

"Some people say, 'Why be a painter? You don't make any money out of painting.' When I paint I do not want to be influenced by how much money I get. Art, to me, is above any monetary standard."

Another of this year's winners, John Chague, is a triple-threat man. In addition to the Collier's award, he also won a scholarship to the Cleveland School of Art, the James V. Spadea Scholarship for \$500, and the George H. Clapp Award of \$50. This is John's first Collier's award, but he was a prize winner in last year's

national competition. John is also an excellent public speaker and a contributor to the school's literary magazine.

Dan Toth is another Cleveland boy, but from a different high school. Dan's father wanted him to become an engineer, his mother, a teacher. "So we all compromised," wrote Dan, "and I am going on to industrial designing and teaching."

The National High School Art Exhibition has been conducted for the past 18 years. Before that, M. K. Robinson, publisher of the magazines which sponsor the contest, conducted a small weekly magazine, the Western Pennsylvania Scholastic. In his work with schools, he concluded that more should be done for youngsters interested in creative things. "Athletes on the field got all the glory," he recalls. "And I was among the loudest rooters, too. But it seemed to me that those who were working for intellectual honors might also be given a break."

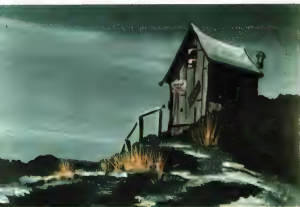
What Robinson did was to organize Scholastic Awards. By this time his small weekly magazine had grown into a national publication. At first the awards were made only for creative writing, but eventually artists, too, were invited to compete, and the best work was reproduced in the annual Student Achievement Issue of the magazine.

By 1928, there were so many art entries that gallery space was needed. Robinson then went to the Carnegie Galleries, whose directors were impressed with the youngsters' work. The National High School Art Exhibition was born.

Distinguished artists have served on the juries which select the winners of the competitions. They include Lorado Taft, Edward Steichen, Boardman Robinson, Reginald Marsh and others. This year Saul Steinberg, William C. Palmer and Louis Slodkin were among the judges.

Past winners of Scholastic Awards have themselves risen to high places. Some of them have instructed the boys and girls who belong to the new crop of winners. Moishe Smith's teacher, for instance, is Mrs. Edith Obel, who won a scholarship to Carnegie Institute in the 1933 competition. Now she is teaching a new generation at Cass Tech in Detroit.

The youngsters who created these pictures are unknown today. Tomorrow they may be famous. But more important than that, they are proving to youth knows how to express itself in other ways than five and sevening. ★★



Daniel Toth, Jr., 17, painted this tempera study of a shack on a hill. He won a first prize and a scholarship to John Herron Art Institute in Indianapolis. Dan attends East Technical High School in Cleveland



From the Marathon Central High School of Marathon, N. Y., came this tempera study of stoves on a street. It was painted by Richard Witzel, 18. All pictures chosen for the show had exceptional merit



Another tempera study showing a street corner in the rain is this painting by Bill James. This Collier's winner is 17 years old and attends Oak Park and River Forest High School, Oak Park, Illinois



First prize in its group for colored inks went to this study of a back-yard scene by Joseph Salvia, 17, of Abraham Lincoln High School, Brooklyn, N. Y. This school also had a Collier's winner last year. In both instances Leon Friend was the teacher



Denver, Colorado, is represented by this water color titled "Through a Window," Doris Friedrich, 18, of West High School in Denver, is the young painter. In addition to her Collier's award, Doris also won third prize in her group in the national contest

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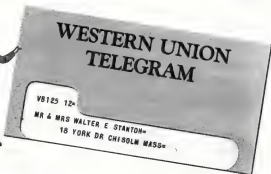
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Queen of the Quickies

Continued from page 18

I'm just stumbling around up there, trying to do what they tell me, which includes getting a sock in the puss from Jack La Rue and making a post fall. Well, that was a lot of work. I made 'em put a rubber cushion under the phony grass. In another scene I got kicked around and beat up at that's the way it went for six days.

"It was murder. They went to work at six in the morning and they never stopped till twelve at night in order to get everything in. I never saw the script, they just handed it to me a page at a time. By the time my sixth day was up, they still had thirty pages left in the script but they just decided to forget about 'em. They just tore 'em out and said it was over."

"Stick around," they said, "we'll see the rushes."

"But by this time I am black, blue and blind. All I know is that I wanna get the hell outa here. I crawled on the first plane East, aching all over, just beat, thinking what a champ I am to do all this for only a thousand when I could get so much more being a lady in the theater. I say to myself, 'Gypsy Rose Lee musta gotten you this deal. She musta promoted this.'"

Nice Profits from a Cheap Film

That was how, Miss Corio says, *Swamp Woman* was made. The total budget for the picture was \$18,000. On the sixth and last day of shooting, Mr. Alexander, who dreamed the whole thing up, sold the film outright to FRC, which had originally figured only on releasing it. The price: \$60,000, netting the producer \$42,000 for the six days' work. This still causes Miss Corio to smile. The picture, incidentally, is still being shown. It played for months at the Squire Theater in Manhattan, then the place collapsed. "It was so terrible the roof couldn't take it any longer," says Miss Corio. So far, *Swamp Woman* has grossed over half a million dollars.

Two weeks after she got back to New York, Miss Corio got another quickie bid. By this time she had learned how the quickie industry works and profited from her former mistake. Her price: \$5,000 a week (or picture) and Buster Keaton. There was also a monkey in that picture, *Hungle Siren*, and it liked the brown paint Miss Corio wore on her legs and arms. Every time she looked around, the monkey was there to lick the paint off her.

"Here I was," recalls Miss Corio, "having troubles enough—without Buster Keaton. He didn't want me to swim with him in the swimming scene because I couldn't swim fast enough for him, the Olympics champ. So he wanted a double for me. I see, Lisen, mebbe I can't swim as fast as you, but you can swim as slow as me and that's what you do here."

Miss Corio finished that picture moaning, "Just how much can a person take?"

The answer was a lot more for a lot more money. She is a sharp, hard-driving bargainer who plays every angle in the book. Once, during negotiations with a producer, she yined her press agent, Eddie Laffe: "Ask Fidler to give him scallions." However, in this instance, she quickly made a new deal for three more pictures with Philip Krane—Monogram Pictures Corporation. Her new terms: \$10,000 a week, 25 per cent of the picture's gross profits, a make-up man and a hairdresser of her own choosing, and costumed to be paid for by the studio. These last conditions she was easily.

"Costume!" murmured Mr. Krane. "Of course, we'll pay for it. After all, what can a sarong cost?" Miss Corio promptly went to Adrian, one of Hollywood's most expensive designers, for a sarong and eighteen changes that almost paralyzed Mr. Krane. They knocked out her first picture in a week. Of her work, Miss Corio complained bitterly in a letter to a friend: "I'm up at 5 A.M.—worked until ten last night. The

studio took out a huge insurance policy on me. In case I collapse during production, they get their money back. All I get is the breakaway."

However, things went off better than they had in the past and Miss Corio seemed to get along well with Mr. Krane, who also produced the Charlie Chan and Cisco Kid movies. "Chan, Cisco and Corio, he runs to Cs," says Miss Corio.

But when Krane heard Miss Corio was planning to go in to a West Coast musical comedy, *Sleep It Off*, he was lightened. The show might have a long run, thus tying up Miss Corio while simultaneously making her more of a drawing card. He wanted to have a lucklog, a picture on the shelf that he could throw into the market when the time was right. Only ten days remained until *Sleep It Off* opened, and he had no script. However, he did have a Charlie Chan script ready. Mr. Krane saw his only opportunity. He told Miss Corio, "You play the part of Charlie Chan." That's how she became a girl detective in one of the world's goofiest mystery movies.

We happened to have seen that epic, *Call of the Jungle*, and until we spoke to Miss Corio we could never figure it out.

"Remember that rain scene?" asked Miss Corio, as if we could have forgotten her crawling around in a jungle during a tropical storm with only a soaking sarong to protect her. "Well," she went on, "that sarong was made of war materials and when that rain started, it began to shrink. It shrank so fast you could practically see it moving. They finally had to stop the cameras and the director yelled, 'You better go up and change your handkerchief.' The thing had shrunk about four inches."

Miss Corio says that everyone in quickie productions takes himself very seriously. "They can't wait to see the rushes at the end of the day. They sit there and say 'sensational, terrific, best thing since Seven Up'—and congratulate one another. Why, my last two pictures took over a week to make. When we got to the second week, everybody in the studio quit work and came over to watch us make this epic."

Her Life's Darkest Moment

The worst day Miss Corio has had in her movie career was in Seattle, Washington, where she arrived to make a personal appearance. "I didn't know," she says, "that I was also playing Sarong Girl on the same bill. Brother, I almost died of fright. I just sneaked out on the stage and got off as quick as I could. I shoulda gotten an Academy Award for bravery for facing that audience."

Miss Corio's last picture, *Sultan's Daughter*, got the best reviews in the trade papers that any of her pictures has received. But Miss Corio passes it off with an old Hollywood gag: "It was so bad they didn't release it, it escaped!" Then she went on. "They tell me out there, if I have any interviews, to tell 'em the picture took six months to make, cost a million. 'Listen,' I said, 'don't be silly. People see these things.'"

Since she made her last picture Miss Corio has been making personal appearances in theaters and at the Latin Quarter, one of New York's largest night clubs. She hasn't "peeled" in five years and now does a routine called *How To Undress Before Your Husband*. The audiences love it. But Miss Corio is haunted by Hollywood. "If they'd just give me Technicolor and a story, I'd show them." She probably would.

Recently she went into a New York department store where the salesgirl recognized her. "Ooh, Miss Corio," she sighed, "please give your autograph. I've seen all your pictures."

"If you have," said Miss Corio, "I want yours, honey."

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KING CHRIS is a grand old gal, wearing a man's name. A DC-3 operated by the Civil Aeronautics Administration throughout Alaska, she is a plane with character and distinction. She has enough wrinkles all over her and when you see her landing among the sleek airliners at Seattle, you think of a Dawson madam crashing a church social. She radiates color and ruggedness and so does her pilot, Jack Jefford.

Their big job is to patrol the Federal Airways of Alaska to keep them in constant working order. In between or concurrent with this never-ending flying schedule they haul freight and supplies to the landing fields and weather and radio stations scattered over the Territory. And just as quickly as the cabin can be shoveled out, it is converted into a flying ambulance for ill and injured CAA workers and their expectant wives. Or they deliver groceries on the wing, tossing them out to marooned outposts, or they're flying dragline scrapers and gravel dump trucks as they did for the construction of a landing strip at Squeena on the River Yenena. Through her extra large cabin door has passed everything from a head of lettuce for a lonely airways keeper to a Taylorcraft personal plane. And this special door has won for her the added designation of DC-3BD (meaning big door). Yes, she's half again as good as a stock model Dizzy-3, to be modest about it.

The old gal—she's only four but has lived fast and dangerously—got her name from CAA pilots and mechanics in Alaska as a tribute and token of affection for a big, blond lovable guy who went up from the States several years ago to supervise laying out the Alaskan airways. C. M. (Chris) Lample has been building airways for the CAA and its predecessor agencies for nearly 20 years and he has tramped and flown the nation, selecting sites for beacon lights, radio stations and emergency landing fields. He was no tenderfoot when he took on Alaska, and his industry, resourcefulness and ability won him loyal hard workers and friends. So when the shiny DC-3 showed up for

duty, they christened her King Chris and turned her over to Jack Jefford.

Jack is now a reformed bush pilot; he no longer flies by the seat of his pants but by radio and instruments, and while the great Alaskan pilots of yesterday will live forever in Alaskan legend, Jack Jefford and King Chris are making history and tradition in the modern manner. Jack landed in Nome in the summer of 1937 after a career in his native Nebraska which included flying, operating a tractor and a cement mixer. He was born in McGrew in 1910 and began flying in 1929. For a while he operated a flying service in Broken Bow, but then closed it down "to fly for wages."

In Alaska he quickly fitted into the life and times of a bush pilot. This called for such varied operations as flying a load of dynamite to a mine and carrying in his lap the percussion caps he was ready to toss out the window if it looked like a bad landing; or aiming fifty pounds of frozen meat at the roof of a mining camp on a meat run; or searching for fellow pilots down in the wilderness; or making mercy flights and stork races; or occasionally shooting a wolf from the sir, then landing to collect the pelt.

IN 1939 the CAA sent Marshall C. Hoppe in from Washington to put Alaskan flying on a systematic, modern basis. Hoppe, who was trying to accomplish a lot with a little, quickly decided it was smarter to trap and convert a few heathen airlines than to train "outsider" pilots to meet Arctic problems, and one spring morning of 1940, he found Jack Jefford in his trap. Hoppe has since gone both commercial and native and is now president of Alaska Airlines which covers the principal points of the Territory, on schedule, with DC-3 "Starliners," carrying stewardesses and serving meals aloft. He announces his company is equipped "to serve all transportation needs—main line and feeder; floats, skis and wheels!"

Early in Jack's career as a CAA airman, he laid the cornerstone of a legendary Jefford monument that is still rising in Alaska.

He was inspecting a site for a landing strip when a quillert gave way and his forehead was badly gashed. Holding up the loose flesh to clear his eyes, Jack stumbled to his plane, got into the air and radioed for a doctor to meet the plane, adding he was "flying in an injured man."

The doc's first shock came when he realized the injured man was also the pilot. His second shock came a couple of hours later when he dropped in the town saloon, looked in the back bar mirror and saw his bandaged patient's reflection.

"I was hungry," Jack said by way of explaining why he had no nose to bed as ordered, "and started for a beanery; saw this bar, concluded that a drink was the very thing I needed and . . ."

"Probably was," the doc interrupted. "Down it, I'll buy you a lunch and then you go to bed."

Jack and King Chris are tops on the Point Barrow town pole of honor. The citizens of this farthestmost northern community in the United States never will forget them for making it possible for the last ship to get there with the winter's supplies, in September, 1944. The skipper of the ship arrived at Kotzebue behind schedule and balked at going all the way up to Point Barrow because he just knew the ice was coming in rapidly and he'd never make it. Jack was more optimistic but the captain's judgment held fast. Thoughts ran through Jack's mind of what would happen to Point Barrow if the ship did not get in; the population would have to be evacuated by air or kept supplied with food by plane, but there

were heavier supplies and in greater quantities that the ship just had to deliver. So Jack talked the captain into getting into King Chris to see for himself. They flew him up to Point Barrow, a distance of 300 miles airline from Kotzebue, then out to sea and finally convinced the old man that he could make it. And he did.

Jack also has had some embarrassing moments. It was early in the war and a rumor spread that a Jap task force of two battleships and some destroyers was on the loose in the Gulf of Alaska. Locating it promptly was important and Jack saw his duty and set out to do it. His plane was unharmed and while he was speculating whether high altitude or surface flying offered the best chance for a quick getaway, he spotted the task force—two large and several small American fishing boats.

Jack wears a trick mustache and he almost lost it when again he saw his duty and tried to do it—this time to save a woman from a burning building at Nome. Jack and Bill Hanson—King Chris' copilot—were enjoying a little drink after a bit of winter freighting to Point Barrow when the fire started. Jack rushed into the building just as the roof fell in. Presently he crawled out and Bill grabbed him, wrapped him in blankets and used several rolls of gauze to bandage an arm. Then he made Jack stay quiet on account of shock, until the doctor came. The doctor found no sign of shock and the burns were limited to a tiny spot on one thumb. So Jack and his copilot went back and finished their drink. . . .

FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

JUNE is an important month for you!



The World's Greatest Splash

Continued from page 34

During a stroll one could have a free look at Charles Dickens' whiskers or Boss Tweed's diamonds. Nineteenth-century bobby soxers sighed—not screamed—at a close-up of Mrs. Sigourney, the great American poetess, or tittered at Jacques Offenbach, the strictly nonjazz composer, who confessed that he was afraid of the peckers. The town's big hotels were the setting for the most glittering part of the show. General Whitney, proprietor of the Cataract House, advertised his hospitality as the headquaters for "princes, dukes, marquises, counts and lords." A specialty at the International was a brass band that brayed deafeningly throughout two hours of dinner, with liveried waiters changing courses when the band leader signaled with certain chords. Here were the socialites, the millionaires, the climbers and the eminent—all trades. And everywhere, from his hotels to down-at-the-heel boardinghouses, were shoals of honeymooners.

Among such confusions it wouldn't be Collier's for June 8, 1946

reasonable to think that cabbies, guides, souvenir vendors, side-show entrepreneurs and similar wags would neglect their opportunities, and they didn't. Beginning at approximately the instant a visitor's foot touched Niagara soil, and ending only with its final contact, the boys were up and at 'em. The ease with which the pilgrims fell for the contrast of wiles almost embarrassed the operators.

There were other, more alarming, manifestations. Normal-enough people, suffering merely from publicity shock and excitement, developed seizures and had visions in the presence of the falls. Folks sometimes arrived in town in such a state they could scarcely bring themselves to look at the cataracts. A European who had journeyed 3,000 miles for that purpose stopped dead in his tracks at the first distant sound of the water, spun around and made for the railway station, getting out of town on the next train.

Of course nothing short of martial law

JUNE—month of brides and roses—is also a vitally important month for thousands of young men this year. Here's the reason:

By enlisting in the Regular Army before July 1, 1946, you can assure yourself of two big benefits.

The first is family allowances for your dependents. Under the present law, such allowances will be paid for the support of your dependents throughout the term of your enlistment, provided you enlist before July 1, 1946.

The second advantage applies to men physically and mentally qualified who are now in the Army or who have been recently discharged. Up to June 30, 1946, you can rejoin the Army within 90 days after honorable discharge, and be enlisted in the grade you held when discharged.

Act now, before June passes! Get full information at your nearest U.S. Army Recruiting Station.

Highlights of the Armed Forces Voluntary Recruitment Act

1. Enlistments for 1½, 2 or 3 years. (One-year enlistments permitted for men who have been in the Army six months.)
2. Enlistment ages from 18 to 34 years inclusive (17 with parents' consent) except for men now in Army, who may reenlist at any age, and former service men depending on length of service.
3. An increase in the reenlistment bonus to \$50 for each year of active service since such bonus was last paid, or since last entry into service, provided reenlistment is within 90 days after last honorable discharge.
4. Up to 90 days' paid furlough, depending on length of service, with travel paid to home and return, for men who reenlist within the prescribed time.
5. A thirty-day furlough each year with full pay.
6. Mustering-out pay (based upon length of service) to all men who are discharged to reenlist.
7. Option to retire at half pay for the rest of your life after 20 years' service—increasing to three-quarters pay after 30 years' service. All previous active federal military service counts toward retirement.
8. Benefits under the GI Bill of Rights for men who enlist before October 6, 1946.
9. Family allowances for the term of enlistment (or dependents of men who enlist or reenlist before July 1, 1946).
10. Choice of branch of service and overseas theater of those still open on 3-year enlistments.
11. Reserve and A. U. S. commissioned officers released from active duty may be enlisted in Grade 1 (Master Sergeant) and retain their reserve commissions, provided they reenlist within the prescribed time.

Enlist Now!

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U. S. Army

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Established 1916

BUILT TO HOLD THE BIG ONES

Depend on Gladding Invinible to help make every cast count during your precious vacation days.

The Invinible is light, yet tough enough to hold fighting fish weighing far more than the test of the line. It's easy to handle, because it's precision-bred for uniformity and permanently waterproofed. And Invinible is so durable it often stays strong and lively through several seasons of hard use.

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could have held back the concession lads and plot owners near the rapids and cataracts, and it was inevitable that they would overlay their hands. They put up toll gates, false fronts and barriers until they had literally cornered the Niagara landscape. Not a foot of a Canadian soil, save a knothole in an American fence, remained where one could see the falls without paying a fee. People who didn't know their way through this maze, or whose desires resisted what was softer than armor plate, frequently went broke before they got to a vantage point, and left without seeing the falls.

Peddlers and street boys got to be a major pest. Niagara had become a bit of a gyp joint, and the grifters were not the only offenders. Property owners had messed up the scene with billboards, laundry, stables, boardinghouses and sawmills. The hottest social figures and the most gilt-edged financiers and gamblers were gone elsewhere.

Squawks arose, and demands for a cleanup. Newspapers and civic groups joined the protest, which spread all over the country, to Europe and to South America. Finally the pressure got too tough for the legislators, and at a cost of a little less than \$1,500,000 on the American side and much less on the Canadian—the only real money ever spent to help the falls—the shores were swept almost clean. Nor was anything thought up to take the place of the departed amusements. Sure it was all Coney Island nonsense, but it was also a colorful and mob-pulling reason why people went to Niagara and stayed as long as they could.

Not all the old-time fun had a land base. For their own amusement and to give visitors a bang, the natives once sent a full-size schooner over the Horseshoe falls. A nice imaginative touch, the event was the presence on the ship's deck of a group of terrified animals as passengers. Two bears broke loose and swam ashore, but the rest—another bear, a bull, two foxes, a raccoon, a dog, a cat, and four geese—went on. The ship swung into the very center of the great Horseshoe—and over.

Wire-Walking Provides Thrills

There was Sam Patch, a New England millworker turned high diver, who rigged a 100-foot tower out of ladders and jumped from the top into the boiling tides in the gorge. Then there was a whole series of shoes staged on slack and tight wires stretched 1,200 feet or more between the American and Canadian shores. The famous Blondin crossed with his head and arms in a sack. He turned somersaults on his cable, stood on his head, carried his business agent on his back, and a cookstove on which he made an omelet over the center of the chasm. He crossed at night guided by locomotive headlights, one of which went out when he was halfway over; made the trip back ward, blindfolded, with baskets on his feet, with arms and legs shackled, without a balancing pole, on stilts.

Later performers even included a woman, but of all of them it was a rank amateur who turned up with the unique act. He was Steve Peere, a house painter who was working temporarily as helper for one of the aerialists. Getting himself comfortably right one night, Steve went down to the river and, without shifting from his thick-soled boots, stepped out on the invisible, swaying three-quarter-inch wire. Sure-footed as a goat in the darkness he made his way across the gorge, never toppling until he reached the cable anchorage on the other side, under which they found his body the next morning.

Captain Matthew Webb, world's champion swimmer and the only one to cross the English Channel, was drowned before a big crowd when he tried to swim through the gorge and whirlpool. Carlisle Graham, a Philadelphia cooper, started a procession of gorge-riders who went through the lower rapids and whirlpool inside of barrels or one-man boats. Women ignored the injuries and drownings to join the daredevilry and did all right at it. And just when the vogue

was at its height, another woman came along and gave it the sock that killed it. She was Annie Taylor, a Edinboro, Pa., schoolteacher, who made the dangers of the gorge look childish by getting into a barrel and going over the 160-foot Horseshoe.

Bobby Leach, a Canadian from Bristol, England, was the next to try the Horseshoe and was rescued from his barrel unconscious, a mass of bruises, his jaw broken and one part of his body in a firm grasp in the hospital put him right as ever and he died later from slipping on a banana peel. Charles Stevens' barrel was crushed and the other part of his body was in a firm grasp, arm, twisted off at the shoulder. So the authorities clamped down on both falls—jumping and gorge-shooting—although one more chap, a Frenchman, tried the latter. Jean Lusier, a factory worker, built a rubber ball in which to bounce to fame, dodged the police and went over without mishap other than a few cuts and bruises. What he thought of it, however, was indicated by his terms for a repeat performance: \$300,000 cash and expenses. Again the fun at the falls, dead as a great crowd-diver, came to an end.

Ice Bridge a Pleasure Ground

Then there was a winter sport that thousands used to take part in—the merrymaking on the "bridge" that ice jans formed below the falls. Crowds swarmed over and through the quarter mile of gorge glassy hills and valleys between the shores, and the souvenir, quick-lunch and other business set up their stands and shops on the ice mounds. In some of these it was possible to obtain an antidote for chills, and bootleggers also were on hand.

These gentle pleasures extra hills whenever the police appeared. When the cops were American the law followers scrambled for the Canadian side, getting across the shore by the better known route, where along the middle of the river; a Dominion ally threw the retreat into reverse, with the liquor-sellers often trying to drag their temporary saloons after them.

And, suddenly, this whole happy spectacle also had to go—too many drownings and near drownings, they said, when thaws weakened the "bridges." The ice fun went the way of the falls-jumping and gorge fun, the paradise of society, wealth, the famous and notorious, the throng of honeymooners.

So here we are back with the birds the bees and the trees; the falls a flop, nothing for visitors to do, and—though it makes no sense at all—crowds that are just terrific. Why?

The answer is that as a judge of watery splendor, the great Mr. Wells is a dud, and those falls are pretty wonderful things. Those people massed in Prospect Park are not there because they're half asleep and don't know any other places to go. They're just standing and waiting to open their eyes at the vast flood of the American falls taking off into space from almost under their feet.

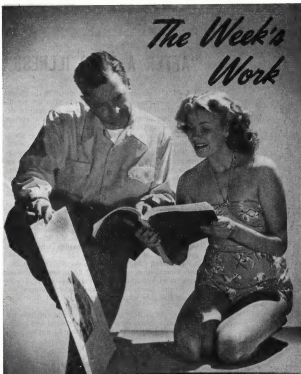
They're looking, fascinated, at the half mile of green-and-white water that, with its separating island, links the United States with Canada. They crowd, awe-stricken, on the rim of Great Island and peer down one of those sheer 170-foot walls, over which fall 23,000,000 tons of water every hour. They gaze, hypnotized, upriver at a sky line which cannot be duplicated in this world, a high saw-edge of waves rearing and plunging and coming head on as if an ocean had got loose and were advancing down a tilted wall.

And a queer thing, too, is that in those crowds are all the same kinds of people that would be made the scene so fabulous—millionaires and millionaires, wealthy farmers, houseymen, painters and pre-miers. But now they just don't make any noise about it. Neither they nor anyone else talks about Niagara any more or writes about it or has to do anything at all about it except enjoy it.

THE END

Collier's for June 8, 1946

The Week's Work



Artist Wendell Kling and model Vicki Quarles confer on illustrations for The Long Denial. Vicki wears the costume you'll see in next week's installment

YOU will note that the illustrations for the Vicki Baum serial, The Long Denial (p. 22), show a blonde, a brunette, and a redhead—singer, heroine, and hero, respectively. The artist, Wendell Kling, is pretty proud of the fact that these colorings agree with the descriptions of the characters in Miss Baum's story.

Kling is very extra careful about what kind of hair he puts on his ladies' heads since that terrible day not long ago when the heroine of a Collier's story appeared in the first paragraph with short, curly, dark hair, and in the illustration flaunted a long, straight, blond bob.

"I can't tell you how it happened," says Kling, "but I know Collier's got hundreds of letters asking if an artist ever reads the story he illustrates. The answer to that is, I certainly do. I practically memorize the story before I even start a rough sketch."

Besides being one of the country's most successful illustrators, Kling operates two art studios, one in Chicago, with 78 artists, and one in New York, with 30. He and his partners have just completed a new studio building in Chicago, the first one ever especially designed for artists, and handily located across from Chez Paris. Kling served in the Army for two years, drawing pictures for the Army Air Forces.

WHEN you see a piece in Collier's about birds, bees, scenery, or other nature-y matters, it is very likely to have been written by a city fellow named William Abbott. This week his back-to-nature essay tells you about The World's Greatest Splash, i.e., Niagara Falls (p. 24).

He used to be a city newspaperman like any other, writing up crime, death, destruction and after-dinner speeches, but one day, when he was on a hunting

trip in the Maine woods, a creature flew out of a pine tree and perched on his right foot.

"Up to that instant," he says, "my absorption in ornithological stuff had been no better than normal, if any. So far as I was concerned, birds were things that sang, chirped and flew around, usually away. But this thing on my foot, while a bird, was 100 per cent different. It looked like a much-blown-up, rough-plumaged sparrow with a white collar, and it sat looking me dead in the eye. Soon it began peering in a nearsighted way at the laces in my boots. In another jiffy it was up and at them. Getting a good grip on a lace, it would tug and jerk, slipping and skidding on the rubber top of the boot. It paid no more attention to the rest of me than if I had gone away, leaving only my feet."

"A light snow had fallen on the night, and in the lonely stillness of the morning woods, with this 'wild, shy' creature apparently trying to take my boots off, I began to feel as if I were caught in the middle of a Walt Disney picture. It was the not-so-pleasant sensation of having gone slightly nuts—and not so slightly. Then a fellow hunter came out of the trees and stood grinning. He explained that my chum was a Canada jay and that its lack of fear of humans was one of the well-known mysteries connected with birds."

"Just now I am all out of animals excepting a cat and a horse, but I like them and have had a good many, including birds. Yet I still feel as if something had been put over on me by that Canadian creature."

This week's cover: Here artist Francis Chase does his bit for romance, rhyming moon, June and June, and choosing for his setting the subject of Abbott's article, Niagara Falls. . . . A. P.

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ON THE PROWL AGAIN

THE silver bloc in the United States Senate is made up of 12 senators from our principal silver-producing Western states. Captain of these lone rangers, whose cry is eternally "Higher silver," is Senator Pat McCarran (Dem., Nev.), a fine fellow in most respects, as are his comrades in the silver bloc.

In respect to silver, however, these gentlemen constitute a prime warning of a danger which constantly threatens any democracy. This danger is that a democratic society such as ours may break down into a conglomeration of highly organized and brutally selfish gangs, each out to get more and more for its own members, with no regard for the welfare of the society as a whole.

The silver bloc long ago logrolled through Congress legislation forcing the U.S. Treasury to buy all silver mined in this country, to buy foreign silver till our silver reserves should come to 25 per cent of our total stock of monetary metal, and to sell silver at not less than \$1.29 an ounce. The government now has 225,000,000 ounces of so-called "free silver" soaked away in vaults at West Point.

Yet an acute silver shortage looms. Why? Because the silver bloc is on the prowl again. An effort is being made in Congress to enable the Treasury to sell some of its idle silver at 71 cents an ounce, the wartime price set by the OPA. Our accumulated stock of silver cost an average of 54 cents an ounce in U.S. and world markets. Thus, the 71-cent selling

price would obviously bring the Treasury a nice profit, while making silver available for industrial uses at a reasonable rate.

Those uses are many, especially in the photographic, photoengraving and electrical industries, and in medicine and dentistry. Demand for the year 1946 is estimated at 125,000,000 ounces. Silver is not a luxury metal. It is a necessity. Its luxury employment, chiefly for jewelry and fine tableware, is quantitatively minor.

So-o-o, silver being scarce following the war, and various industries being in urgent need of it, the silver bloc is fighting any and all efforts to bring the price down to a reasonable level. Nor is that all it is doing. It is also fighting to force the Treasury's buying price of all silver up to \$1.29 an ounce.

This fight is pinching U.S. silver-short industries in two ways. It keeps these industries from getting at U.S. silver at reasonable prices, and it impels foreign silver producers to hold silver off the U.S. market in the hope that the drive to push the buying price to \$1.29 will succeed. The amount of this held-back foreign silver is estimated at 145,000,000 ounces at this writing, or more than enough to meet estimated 1946 U.S. demand.

And there we have an edifying picture of organized greed in action in a democracy, at a time when said democracy is struggling to escape a runaway inflation and to reconvert from wartime to peacetime production.

"AFTER A LONG ILLNESS"

WE GO on reading obituary notices in the papers about people who have died "after a long illness." What this phrase usually means is that the deceased died of cancer. "Long illness" is the ancient press euphemism for cancer.

Isn't it about time to start using plain English in such cases?

Time was when "a long illness" might also signify tuberculosis. That is pretty much out now. For example, when the noted song writer, Vincent Youmans, died in Denver recently, the press dispatches said frankly that he died of tuberculosis.

There is nothing disgraceful about cancer, any more than about tuberculosis, or heart trouble, or diabetes. By abandoning the hush-hush attitude toward tuberculosis, we contributed materially to the war against that disease. By taking to calling syphilis and gonorrhea by their right names, we brought them into the spotlight of frank discussion, which was a great gain.

The same thing needs to be done about cancer—and especially it needs to be done now, when the American Cancer Society is trying to raise \$12,000,000 for an organized, all-out research and treatment war on an affliction which kills some 160,000 Americans a year.

Let's shelve the "long illness" except for those infrequent instances where there are special and cogent reasons why the cause of death should not be made public.

THE JUDGES AND THE LAW

THE Supreme Court of the United States has been a subject of furious controversy at many points in its history, which began in 1789 with John Jay as first Chief Justice.

During Chief Justice John Marshall's long term (1801-35), the Court was frequently charged with writing into law the business-first principles of Alexander Hamilton, which the voters had rejected when they elected Thomas Jefferson President in 1800.

The proslavery decision in the Dred Scott Case (1857), during Chief Justice Roger B. Taney's term, is credited by many historians with having done as much as any other one thing to bring on the Civil War.

When the early New Deal reform measures took to castrating one after another in the Supreme Court, the late President Roosevelt went into a historic and sustained rage and declared war on the "nine old men" who he claimed were blocking progress.

With the recent death of Chief Justice Harlan Fiske Stone, popular interest in the Supreme Court has been aroused anew. The question in many people's minds is: Where does the Court go from here?

It is past our power to answer that question. We do know, though, where we hope it goes from here.

In the last few years, the new appointees to the Court have been able lawyers and scholars, but there has been considerable uneasiness as to just how good some of them have been as judges. A few of them have acted from time to time as if they felt it to be their duty to give labor leaders and radicals every possible break, just as Chief Justice Marshall is believed by many to have felt it his duty to give business and employers every possible break.

Neither of these attitudes, it seems to us as non-lawyers, tends to make a man an ideal judge. The two qualities a judge needs most, we think, are impartiality and human understanding—the latter to temper the former.

That happens to have been Chief Justice Stone's idea: that the Supreme Court's duty was to ascertain what Congress has enacted rather than what it wished it had enacted; and that the law was "a human institution for human needs."

It is much to be hoped, we believe, that that spirit will enter pretty consistently into the Supreme Court's deliberations and decisions from now on.

AGOG OVER ALASKA

1 "Seeing to... poles in a big-city museum is interesting," writes a friend of Canadian Club Whisky, "but seeing them in Alaska—whole 'forests' of them—is really impressive. And that's just what I came upon near Ketchikan, right over the threshold of the Territory. These story-telling monuments are so photogenic that it's hard to photograph them without including a camera fan or two.



2 "From my reading, I expected a thrill at the sight of the great Mendenhall Glacier. Even so I was awed. The big Pan American Airways Clipper circled in the picture above gives an idea of Mendenhall's vastness.



3 "Not that Alaska is all ice and snow. Why, 'way up in Fairbanks—almost in the Arctic Circle—I came upon this garden of giant delphinium. Here, in summer, the sun works almost around the clock.



4 "I'd always thought of Alaska as a primitive, hard-to-reach place—but only 6 hours by Clipper from Seattle. I was riding up the streets of Juneau to the luxury of a fine modern hotel.



5 "And a few moments later in the world-famed bar of that hotel I was enjoying the luxury of a whisky whose distinctive flavor is prized at smart hosteleries around the world. Canadian Club!"

Even these days travelers tell of being offered Canadian Club all over the earth—often from a cherished pre-war supply. And why this whisky's worldwide popularity?

Canadian Club is light as scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. It is equally satisfying in mixed drinks and highballs; so you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"



Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

A man wearing a brown cowboy hat and a blue patterned shirt is holding a large, vibrant orange and yellow tobacco leaf. He has a slight, knowing smile and his eyes are partially closed. The background is a soft, painterly landscape with warm, hazy tones of orange, pink, and blue.

L.S./M.F.T.

For your own real deep-down
smoking enjoyment.. smoke
that smoke of Fine Tobacco

LUCKY STRIKE

